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THE Lausanne Conference will not meet next Monday, and whether it will meet at all is still uncertain. There is no agreement among the "Allies" either on the principle or the methods of a final settlement with Germany. Italy stands with us in desiring to wipe out reparations. But M. Laval has affirmed once more the objection of France to a "sacrifice of her rights." Nor is the United States going to lend a hand in solving the problem. The best that can be hoped for in all the circumstances is to carry on with the present moratorium and to aim at a genuine settlement later in the year. This is the plan which has been advocated in our columns, which was adopted after some hesitation by the British Government, and which events may yet drive France to accept. The Germans are not enamoured of it. They would put up with a short delay; but they fear a postponement till the Greek Kalends. They are not however masters of their own fate. They may, indeed, determine on a grand gesture of repudiation. But if they do, what then?

* * *

Meanwhile the crazy gospel of isolation continues to be preached in certain organs of our popular press. These continental quarrels are nothing to us, we are told. Somebody has said that Lausanne is more important than Southampton—that is, that the clearing up of international debts and reparations is a bigger thing for this country than the building of a giant flying boat. This is pernicious doctrine; our business is to buy British, build British, think British, and damn all dagoes. Do the people who write and talk this stuff really believe Germany could plunge into bankruptcy or civil war without its affecting us? They do not; it is merely their way of demanding tariffs. But it is a peculiarly mischievous way, for it helps to unsettle the support which the British Government needs in pursuing a sane international policy. And from another quarter comes another mischievous counsel. The *Daily Mail*, we observe, is now raising the old anti-German bogy. It cherishes no hostility to Germany—oh, no! But Germany can pay, and must pay, and if she does not pay, we shall suffer. And the upshot of it all is that we should stand firm with the brave M. Laval and refuse to be humbugged. But how are we to make Germany pay? Neither a conjuring trick nor bayonets will draw blood from a stone.

* * *

Japan's reply to the American Note on Manchuria contains the usual assurances of her intention to maintain the "open door" and of her respect for the various pledges which she is engaged in violating. But it also suggests that the Japanese have their own ideas about the meaning of the Nine Power Treaty. At the time

this was entered into, they say, "the present unsettled state of China was not contemplated by the high contracting parties," and that makes all the difference. The stipulations, of course, remain binding, but they "must necessarily be applied with reference to the existing facts." In plain Japanese, Japan is entitled to do what she likes in Manchuria, because the Chinese are not willing or able to do what she likes. And the Japanese policy is now, it appears, first, to dispose of the "bandits"—if she can—and then, or anyhow, to dig herself in behind a puppet "independent" ruler of Manchuria. Thus Japan's interests will be advanced with the least expense; the "open door" will be kept as far open as may be necessary; and the sovereignty and integrity of China, as sworn to in the Nine Power Treaty, will be ostensibly preserved. It is a pretty little example of Imperialism *à la mode!*

* * *

But American opinion, unless we are much mistaken, will not acquiesce in this or anything like it. The old tension between the United States and Japan was greatly eased by the abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and by the agreements reached at Washington in 1922. To-day there is a revival, a very serious revival, of bad feeling, and Mr. Stimson's Note is a warning sign. American suspicions and anxieties will not be allayed by the complacency shown by Downing Street and a large section of the British press about the doings of the Japanese armies. It is incredible that Sir John Simon—to say nothing of Mr. MacDonald—should be so blind to the gravity of the situation in the Far East. By our subservience to Japan we are weakening any influence we might exercise for good (including our own material good) in China. We are antagonising America. We are even antagonising a substantial part of the British Empire; for the views of the Dominions, of Australia and New Zealand and Canada, on Japanese militarism are very different from those of Lord Beaverbrook and other Empire champions in Fleet Street. There is still time to rectify some of the blunders of the last four months. The League Council meets again next week, and China, it is certain, will renew her demand for protection and fair play. There is no hope of the Council executing a *volte face* and supporting the Covenant of the League. But the British representative on the Council can make it clear that Great Britain will stand with America in calling the Japanese bluff.

* * *

The official Polish "observations" upon the petitions addressed on behalf of the Ukrainians to the League Council are masterpieces of grim humour. The facts of the Polish terror in the Ukraine were established last year and it will be remembered that Mr. Henderson took a creditable stand on this subject at the League Council last January, and that a Committee of three—representatives of Great Britain, Italy and Norway—was appointed to examine the allegations. As a result the matter is now again on the Council's agenda. The Polish Government disposes of the petitions on behalf of the Ukrainians in a masterly if summary way. Of one petition the Polish Government says that it "is constrained to express its doubts" as to its admissibility "in view of the fact that, by the use of the term 'West Ukrainian,' in relation to a part of the territory of the Polish State, the petitioners clearly show their irredentist tendencies." It gives no reply to the charge that many peasants were beaten to death, that deputies, lawyers, professors, doctors, priests, judges, and even school children have been imprisoned and schools and co-operative stores have been destroyed. A final stroke of humour produced in reply to a further batch of petitions must be mentioned out of a mass of special pleading. As to the closing of one Ukrainian secondary school, the Polish Government declares that it was shut because its hygienic requirements were insufficient! It is to be hoped that the League Council will not be too busy to devote some attention to the rights of the Ukrainians.

* * *

Our anti-Bolsheviks are once again sounding the tocsin. The occasion this time is a proposal by a group of British merchants to import some 400,000 standards of Russian timber. The Scandinavians and the Canadians are outraged, we are told, because the price is lower than they can afford to sell at (the former have objected in the past, if we remember aright, to the British consumer getting the benefit of cheap timber from Russia), and the old cries of dumping and forced labour are dinned into our ears. Why should we be flooded with the "produce of convict labour" (*Times*) from the "slave-manned forests of Russia" (*Morning Post*)? The short answer is that we shall not be. These phrases, as their authors must know, are grotesque distortions of the truth. But this is not all. The *Times* is in a dither about the danger with which we are threatened not merely by Russian timber, but by the success of the whole Five Year Plan. There is no such danger, if we choose to abandon prejudice, hypocrisy and misrepresentation, and come to common-sense trading arrangements with a country that wants our products as much as we want its. The mischief of these attacks on the Soviet is a double one; they fan the flames of nationalist hatred and they deprive our own population of goods and of work that it needs.

* * *

The Town and Country Planning Bill was dropped owing to the General Election after it had been before a committee of the House of Commons. The new Government has now brought it forward again, without any great changes, beyond the tightening up of the provisions for compensation in the interest of property-owners. The "betterment" clauses remain; but the charge on the owner for "betterment" is to be limited to 75 per cent. of the increased value, instead of the 100 per cent. contemplated in the original Bill. This change, however, had already been made in committee before the election. Further, for agricultural and certain other types of land, the "betterment" charge is to be payable only when the improvement has actually occurred, and not in anticipation of it. The Bill's main purpose is to extend the planning powers of the local authorities from unbuilt sites ripe for development to sites already built on and to rural areas. It enlarges the planning powers of the county councils, and gives further encouragement to joint regional planning over large areas. It includes provisions for restricting ribbon development, for preserving amenities and buildings of historic interest, and for

regulating the appearance of buildings as well as their location. In all these respects it is an important and urgent measure; and it is satisfactory that the Government have decided to proceed with it at once.

* * *

There were rumours early in the week of a serious crisis in the cotton trade, owing to the employers' determination to go ahead with the "more loom" system in face of the failure to reach an agreement with the operators. Fortunately, wiser counsels appear to have won the day; and the negotiations between the two sides have now been resumed. The storm centre is at Burnley, where a number of firms want to bring in the new system at once; but it is clearly most undesirable that each firm should act on its own, without any general agreement about conditions. Hitherto the employers as a body have insisted that before negotiations can begin the weavers must entirely withdraw their claim for a minimum wage; but it seems as if this ultimatum must now have been withdrawn, as a result of unofficial conversations between the leaders on both sides. A stoppage would be foolish. The weavers, with heavy unemployment to face, have no desire for it, nor the employers either, when their order-books are better filled than for some time past. The wages to be paid under the new system are the thing in dispute; but the difference between the two sides' demands is not great, even then.

* * *

The Pig Industry Council is now in the field with a scheme for limiting the import of pig's meat from abroad in order to stimulate home production. A sort of quota system, to apply to Empire as well as foreign countries, is proposed; and it is suggested that the quota could be easily varied to meet seasonal changes in the home supply. This scheme differs from the wheat quota in that the aim is not to maintain home production at the present level, but greatly and rapidly to increase it; and a plan for co-ordinated breeding of more suitable standard varieties of hogs is included in the scheme. A tariff on imports is apparently contemplated, as well as a quota arrangement—but a tariff capable of rapid adjustment to changing seasonal and other conditions. Undoubtedly, pig production is one of the forms of agriculture that offers most hope for a large increase in the home supply; and, undoubtedly, as experience has shown, it will be difficult to get the farmers to take the matter up except as part of a co-ordinated scheme. But, given proper marketing arrangements, does the British pig producer stand in any need of a tariff? On the contrary, he is in a good position for producing at the world price. It can be argued more forcibly that he needs protection against seasonal fluctuations in the supply from overseas, which upset home prices and make breeding highly speculative. This is the case for an adjustable quota system. But we should need firm assurances that the quota would not be used to raise average all the year round prices before we should be disposed to regard it with favour.

* * *

A sentence of three years' penal servitude for a political offence is something of a novelty in this country. It has been passed by Mr. Justice Finlay upon Mr. Frank Priestley, the business and general manager of the *Daily Worker*. The sentence was the more surprising in that it has not been shown that any act of mutiny or sedition has resulted from the propaganda of the *Daily Worker*. The fact that Mr. Priestley admitted to holding communist opinions was clearly irrelevant to the charge and, as far as we have seen, no evidence was brought forward that he was, as business manager, in fact directly responsible for any articles that appeared in the *Daily Worker*. Communism has hitherto been a negligible factor in this country, largely because Communists have been left alone. We shall expect it to become a serious political force, if many such sentences are carried out.

* * *

None of the notices of Dr. Gore emphasised sufficiently the social side of his prophetic work. Prophets are rare birds in the Church of England, and very rare on the Episcopal bench. Charles Gore did more than any one man, except perhaps Westcott, to change the official attitude of the Church to the problem of Labour; it is due to him, and to men like Stanton, Dolling, Headlam, and Scott Holland, that the assumption usually made on the Continent that Christianity and Socialism are incompatible has never been accepted in England. Gore's passion for justice, his hatred of social oppression showed itself in the work of the Christian Social Union, whose members were really determined never to buy cheap if it meant buying nasty. As a man Gore was a lively companion, with that pleasant freedom of manner and speech which belongs to those who value high position still less after they have attained to it. His Irish humour and his precision of language made him feared by fools, and his insistence that people should know what they mean, and then say what they mean, was regarded by many as a rather tiresome idiosyncrasy. In conversation he gave one the impression of a really free thinker, whose opinions on authority and obedience were never allowed to shackle argument. He was an ascetic, but no Puritan; and was fond of expressing his approval of the freer, cleaner and more companionable watering-places of France and Spain.

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT SUPPLEMENT.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include a special Disarmament Supplement. It will contain articles dealing with the conditions of success for the Disarmament Conference, with the progress and history of disarmament: current French, German and American opinion on disarmament; the economics of disarmament; the traffic in arms; the reasons why nations are reluctant to disarm. Special articles by Major Lefebure (author of *Scientific Disarmament*), W. Arnold Forster on the "Principle of Equality in Disarmament," and on land, air and sea disarmament by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond and Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, and others.

HOOVER AND HONOLULU

THE Fortescue case in Honolulu is more than an evening paper sensation. Unless it is handled with greater skill than the Hoover administration seems to possess, it may turn the scale against the Republican party at the next election. For behind the recent flare-up of sex-crime there is not only the racial issue which rouses stronger emotions than any other in the United States but also the peculiar story of American implication in Hawaii—a story which happens to put an unexpected card into the hands of the Democratic party.

In the early nineties Hawaii was still an independent state; but much American capital was already invested there and American residents were influential in the affairs of the country. In 1893 they engineered the overthrow of the ruling Queen, and at once applied for annexation to the United States. President Cleveland sent an agent to inquire into this suspicious revolution, and the agent reported that it was the result of a conspiracy between resident Americans and the United States Minister to Hawaii, and that troops from the cruiser *Boston* had been landed for the purpose of aiding the revolutionists. President Cleveland then withdrew the treaty of annexation from the Senate, and even wished to restore the Queen. Congress, however, would not agree and Hawaii continued as a Republic directed by American residents. In 1897, when the Republicans had come back to power and McKinley had become President, he resubmitted the treaty of annexation to the Senate; but by this time a number of Senators were convinced that the revolution had been a swindle and the treaty failed to win the necessary two-thirds vote. Then came the Spanish-American war, and the importance of Hawaii as a naval base was apparent. Also, there was the obvious danger that if the United States did not annex the islands Japan would. So in 1898 they were annexed by a joint resolution of the two houses, for which only a majority vote in the Senate was required.

Throughout, the annexationists had, of course, been claiming that the revolution of '93 had been genuine, that it represented a spontaneous wish of the enlightened Hawaiian nation to join itself to the even more enlightened United States. Therefore, when annexation was accomplished it was necessary to live up to this pretence and to treat the Hawaiians like voluntary partners rather than like a subject race. The islands were given the rank of territory, that is, the temporary rank through which all but the original thirteen states passed on their way to statehood. The citizens of Hawaii became citizens of the United States. The Hawaiian territory has a Governor appointed by the President, but it has its own legislature, elected by all the adults who can read or write in either English or Hawaiian. And theoretically the territory will sooner or later become a full-fledged state. How remarkable all this is, in view of American racial prejudice, is made clear by the population figures. In 1920, the population of 255,912 was divided as follows: Japanese, 42.7 per cent.; Portuguese, 10.6 per cent.; pure Hawaiian, 9.3 per cent.; Filipinos, 8.2 per cent.; Chinese, 9.2 per cent.; White-Hawaiian mixture, 4.3 per cent.; pure White (other than Portuguese), 8.7 per cent. Others, 7 per cent. The only restriction on United States citizenship is that Asiatic immigrants cannot become citizens; but the Hawaiian-born children of such immigrants are citizens of the United States.

The story of the American negro since the Civil War shows the result of trying to confer equality on a non-white race living side by side with Americans. Laws assuring equality are passed; but they are everywhere violated, with an evil effect both on the prestige of law and on the psychology of the race that is being mocked. For some time conditions were better than this in Hawaii, for the whites were so few that they could not override the privileges of their non-white fellow citizens. Recently, however, since Pearl Harbour has become one of the chief American naval stations, and since the islands have become a fashionable holiday resort for rich Americans, a large transient white population has raised the racial problem in an aggravated form. The Asiatic and half-caste citizens are scorned; and the true Hawaiians—who are now so few mainly because they have taken up the white man's burden of syphilis—are treated in a still more dangerous manner. They are looked on as delightful, harmless exhibits, to be played with in the pleasant fashion of the day—but always with the racial barrier in the background.

President Hoover is therefore in a most difficult dilemma. He is caught between the two great strands of feeling and principle in the United States—the legal, egalitarian, Puritan tradition of New England and the deeply felt racial prejudice, which has its roots in the South, but which is widespread throughout the States. Having pretended, for political reasons, that the inhabitants of Hawaii were people whom they were willing to treat as full equals, the Americans now find it awkward to live up to this pretence. If the Hawaiians are American citizens in a true sense, Washington has no more right to interfere with their courts than it had to interfere with the courts of Massachusetts during the Sacco and Vanzetti case. But if Mrs. Fortescue and her son-in-law and the two naval ratings are found guilty of murder, the American people, who would forgive a tariff and war debt policy that seems likely to wreck the economic structure of the world, would not forgive the administration if it actually permitted the guilty to be punished. And yet this is clearly what the Hoover Government ought to do and what, judging by its present attitude, it seems likely to do.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, with all New England in his conscience, will prefer the painful upright course. And Dr. Wilbur, of the Department of the Interior, appears to find little heroism in this murder. Public opinion, however, is represented by the New York *Evening Post*, which says that "every red-blooded man" believes that if Theodore Roosevelt were still President he would order a battleship to bring the defendants to the mainland for "a fair trial." And Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, one of the leaders of American society, has cabled to Mrs. Fortescue, "I would have done the same in your place, and so would any other good mother." If it be true, as the well-known Hoover-Mellon story suggests, that Mr. Hoover still has two friends, it seems probable that by the time the Fortescue case is settled he will have none at all.

THE COST OF LIVING

WHAT does it cost to live? So stated, the question is meaningless; for the answer must depend not only on where you live and when you live, but also on how you live. In a sense, a man can live anywhere and anywhen for a time on a very small money income; for it takes a lot of privation actually to starve him to death. A deficient diet, such as a large part of the German workers are getting to-day, is bound to react on health, on productive efficiency, and on the capacity for living a happy and useful life. But it may be consistent with the commandment in its variant form: "Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive officiously to keep alive"—in any sense of the word "alive" that connotes reasonable living. We make use freely of the term "a living wage"; and various persons have drawn up standards of the human and physical needs of labour, and the cost of maintaining them in various times and places. But such standards are bound to be arbitrary; nowhere and nowhen is there such a thing as *the* cost of living.

Cost of living is, then, a comparative term. It involves comparing costs, either at the same place at different times, or in different places at the same time. The figures published by our Ministry of Labour and by some statistical authority in every developed country are comparisons of the former kind. The Report just published by the International Labour Office, to which we have already made brief reference, is of the latter kind. It is an attempt to compare the cost of living in Detroit with that of certain European towns. But even this cannot be attempted without further definition, for the comparison of costs can be made only if a particular standard of living is taken as a basis. There is no necessary correspondence between, say, middle and working class relative costs of living in two different places (or, for that matter, at two different times); and, even if only working class costs are in question, the results of comparison may differ for, say, skilled and unskilled workers.

In the present inquiry, however, the I.L.O. set out to find the answer to what seemed a reasonably definite question. Mr. Henry Ford has factories in many parts of Europe, as well as in the United States. He wanted to find out what wages, paid in each of his European factories, would enable the persons employed in them to enjoy the same standard of living as the workers at Detroit. The cost of living for a typical Ford employee in Detroit was therefore to be taken as a basis—or, in other words, the actual purchasing power in Detroit of a typical Ford wage; and the next step was to discover the comparative wage that would equip a worker with the same purchasing power elsewhere. The result, expressed as a percentage of the Detroit standard, would give a comparison of the cost of living in different places at the actual living standards of the workers in Detroit. That involved, of course, in the first place, assuming a typical Detroit worker; and this was done as the result of a special investigation which preceded the present inquiry. The process used is shown in the Report before us.

Having got its standard Detroit worker, with his standard wage and his standard budget of expenditure—all involving a good deal of assumption—the I.L.O. was in a position to set out in search of the answer to Mr. Ford's question. It was desired to know next how much it would cost, in Manchester, Frankfurt, and a number of other places, to buy exactly the same things as the standard worker was assumed to have bought in Detroit. At once a new difficulty presented itself. It was impossible, in any of the European cities, to buy exactly the same things as in Detroit. There were variations of quality and type in the goods supplied, and often the investigators had to be content with finding the cost of things similar, but not the same. Moreover, it was clear that no person in his senses would buy exactly the same things, or spend his money in the same way, in, say, Detroit and Stamboul, or even in Detroit and Manchester. Wants, as well as costs, differ from place to place, not only in foods, but even more in such things as clothing, fuel, housing, transport, and nearly all the miscellaneous expenses of life.

The chief interest for most readers of the Report, though not for Mr. Henry Ford, obviously lies in the use which can be made of the results of the inquiry as a measure of relative costs of living in different places. It will be made use of in this way, and, subject to cautions, it is reasonable so to use it. But it is necessary to understand that the results need not have worked out the same if, instead of Mr. Ford's employees in Detroit, some other body of workers in some other place had been taken as the standard group. If, for example, the I.L.O. had set out to consider the cost in Detroit and in other places studied of buying the same things as a typical miner buys in Merthyr Tydfil, there might have been a good deal of difference in the results arrived at. As a general comparison of costs of living, the Report is valid only within very wide limits of possible error. Or, rather, no general comparison can ever be valid except within wide limits; and we ought to be thankful to Mr. Ford and the I.L.O. for carrying us a good deal farther towards a broad basis of comparison than we have ever been carried before.

With these cautions well in mind, it is reasonable to use the Report for a purpose not directly envisaged in the inquiry—a comparison of the relative costs of working-class living in different places at the beginning of 1931. The thing most likely to strike the reader here is the low position of Manchester in the scale of European costs. Manchester is the only British city included, and has to be taken as representative; but Cork is there, with a much higher cost of living, 85 per cent. of the Detroit cost, as against Manchester's 70 to 74. Below Manchester are Barcelona (about 58), Antwerp (61-65), Stamboul (about 65), Warsaw (about 67), and Rotterdam (65-68). Above it are, besides Cork, Marseilles (75-81), Paris (80-87), Helsinki (83), Berlin (83-90), Copenhagen (83-91), Frankfurt (85-93), Stockholm (99-104), and, of course, Detroit (100). Holland, Belgium, Spain, Poland and Turkey below Great Britain; France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, as well as the United States, above. Clearly these differences of cost have a good deal to do with the extent to which the various countries are protectionist in the matter of goods entering into general consumption. Manchester will hardly tell the same story in a year's time if we resort to a general protective tariff. Nor would it tell quite the same story to-day, for the inquiry was made while we were still buying imports with sterling at par. Since we went off gold our costs have not risen much—as yet—but they have not fallen in relation to the further fall in world prices.

Of course, a comparison of costs of living has nothing to do with a comparison of wages. It does nothing to tell us how much the workers in any of these places actually have to spend. But it should help in checking the estimates of comparative real wages in various countries already issued from time to time by the I.L.O. There is no doubt that real wages and money wages, however reckoned, are a great deal lower in Manchester than in Detroit, and a good deal higher in Manchester than in Berlin or Paris or Warsaw or Antwerp, or even Rotterdam. How Manchester compares with the Scandinavian cities it is not so easy to say; but the available figures suggest that there is not much difference in real wages between Great Britain, Denmark and Sweden, though previous comparisons may need to be modified in the light of the new information about relative living costs.

Nor, again, does the inquiry enable the reader to draw any conclusion about the relative costs of production in different cities; for that depends, not on the cost of living, but on the wage-rates paid, in relation to the efficiency of labour and of the use made of labour by the employer. High costs of living only affect costs of production to the extent

to which they cause money wages to rise. And, now that so many countries are off gold, there is, further, the difference between the internal and external values of their currencies to be taken into account as a factor affecting relative costs of production for purposes of international competition in the world market.

In fine, we must not make too much of, or found too much upon, the present Report. But it is exceedingly interesting to discover that, despite all that has been said about the unduly large spread between our wholesale and retail prices, our costs of living, within the limits of this special investigation, work out so low in comparison with those in the countries which are our chief competitors. It looks as if either our retail prices are not relatively higher than other countries', or, if they are, the direct benefits of Free Trade to the consumer as such must still be very great. Some people, indeed, want to see our prices rise, in order to lower real wages. But no one has yet shown that this could possibly help to lower our costs of production. One effect of this Report is to remind us that we still enjoy the advantages of living in a cheap country.

A LONDON DIARY

THE shedding of M. Briand from the new Laval Cabinet is not without significance. The Laval Government was of the kind which the French and all group Parliamentary systems tend to breed, a Government precariously poised between a Left and a Right. M. Laval has now wobbled, not perhaps with great enthusiasm, to the Right, and in the process has shed M. Briand. His position is even more precarious than it was; indeed, if the elections were not imminent, the life of his new Government would be a short one, but as it is no one wants to remove him until he is removed by the elections. Queer fish rise in the French political sea, and I don't think that M. Laval is among the brightest specimens. It is a pity that circumstances are keeping him in office when such important international fixtures as the Lausanne and Disarmament Conferences are upon us. And the prospects of the Disarmament Conference will not be brightened by the presence of M. Tardieu.

* * *

I imagine that M. Briand is, in some ways, not sorry to be out of M. Laval's galley. He remains a force in French politics which no President du Conseil can afford to overlook. The hatred of the Right for him from the days of Daudet's vendetta to the present moment shows clearly how steadfastly he has stood for the Left and, since the war, for peace. I sometimes wonder why a man of his genuine humanity and incomparable political gifts has achieved so little in leading French policy in what I, and I believe he himself, regard as the only sane direction. Perhaps the reason is that he has been too long in politics and is too characteristically a Frenchman to be anything at bottom but a French politician. If you look at the smile which hovers about the corners of his extraordinary mouth, you will remark that no man could smile like that who had left himself with the inconvenience or consolation of a single illusion. But I doubt whether any statesman can really accomplish much in times of stress unless he retains a few of those illusions which some people call principles. Briand is the cleverest, the subtlest, and the supplest politician in Europe. On the platform of the League at Geneva he can bring tears into the eyes of Europe's assembled war ministers and military dictators by his amazing oratory. But he has become the slave of his own political virtuosity and jugglery. He does his wonderful tricks, but the many French Governments in which he sits as Foreign Minister stand pat on the Treaty of Versailles.

* * *

Some weeks ago I referred to a pamphlet which would discuss the possibility of a reconciliation between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Labour Party. This pamphlet has now appeared as "Labour's Future at Stake," by Clifford Allen (Allen and Unwin, 1s.). It is a curious and ingenious production. Mr. Clifford Allen's public contribution to the electoral campaign was two letters to the *Times*. They were given pride of place in its pages and leaders denouncing the Labour Party and extolling the National campaign were based upon them. After the Election Mr. MacDonald conferred a peerage upon Mr. Clifford Allen. In view of this history Mr. Allen's assumption that he is still a member of the Labour Party, advising it as a member, is not likely to be well received. One wonders how Mr. Allen could have brought himself to write such a passage as "*we* explain that *we* lost this Election owing to Press and other misrepresentations . . *we* seem entirely to have forgotten that we have always suffered from these disadvantages . . *we* were practically wiped out." Mr. Allen's Party was not wiped out. He helped to wipe out the Labour Party and climbed to victory and the House of Lords on its ruins.

* * *

But apart from such gross errors of taste what of the substance of this pamphlet? In so far as it is an indictment of the Labour Government it is powerful enough. The Labour Government found itself in the crisis very much in the position of a pacifist Government which had permitted itself to drift into a war. It had dithered and failed to achieve any coherent economic policy; hence at the crisis it had either to carry out its opponents' policy or somewhat ignominiously to resign. That Mr. Snowden's opposition to any positive policy was chiefly responsible for the Government's dilemma is true, but that rather convicts than exonerates his colleagues from a charge of weakness and hesitancy. When the crisis came they made their position finally impossible by refusing to accept the only alternative to deflation—going off the gold standard. That choice was apparent to some people before the crisis—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, for instance, urged the Government, as early as August 15, to go off the gold standard as the one way of saving the country from a deflationist and Conservative policy. Having refused this advice and accepted a policy of cuts, the position of the Government was always untenable. When we come to the personal story of the formation of the National Government, Clifford Allen's narrative should be read side by side with the inside story told by Lord Passfield in the current issue of the *Political Quarterly*.

* * *

To say, as Clifford Allen does, that Mr. MacDonald "had the courage and realism of Lenin" is really to make both himself and Mr. MacDonald absurd. Where is the resemblance? Lenin, like all able leaders, sometimes retreated. But when he adopted his New Economic Policy he did not destroy his party, recall the Tsarists and hope to remain a Bolshevik while co-operating with them—which, if we follow Clifford Allen's analogy, is what he is now praising Mr. MacDonald for doing! And would anyone have expected a leader who had so acted to find the remnant of his old party anxious to co-operate with him again? Which again is what Clifford Allen seems to be beseeching the Labour Party to do. Unless the Labour Party follows his advice he sees it "relegated to a minority corner of British Politics." That may quite possibly be a true prophecy for years to come, but, even so, as a Socialist I would prefer that Socialists should remain Socialists and not try to form a new "central national block" which, whatever else it might be, would never be Socialist.

* * *

I have just received a letter from a friend of mine, a member of Gandhi's entourage. He wrote immediately before Gandhi's arrest. He states specifically that Gandhi, in an interview with the Secretary of State for India just before he left

England, obtained a clear assurance that the Congress Party would still be given an opportunity of discussing the whole constitutional position, including the "safeguards," that Gandhi himself would be allowed to go into Bengal, see things for himself and say what modifications he thought should be made in the Ordinances. (This exactly corroborates my own knowledge of the situation when Gandhi left England: he denounced the wholesale severity of the Ordinances, but admitted that he might find some special coercive measures justified.) My friend continues:

> Sapru and Jayakar and Sastri had also suggested Gandhi's interviewing the Viceroy and visiting Bengal. From Switzerland Gandhi addressed a letter to Sir Samuel Hoare asking him to confirm the gist of his talk with him and post it so as to reach him (Gandhi) on the day of his arrival in India. No reply from Sir S. Hoare has yet been received. Instead of that reply he had Christmas boxes in the shape of the U.P. and N.W.F. Ordinances, the Frontier shootings on unarmed crowds, arrests of prominent men.

* * *

It is to be noticed that no charge of bad faith is made here against Sir Samuel Hoare, whom Gandhi continues, I gather, to describe as an honest and clear-headed opponent. The implicit charge is that the Government of India is playing a different game from that of Mr. MacDonald's Government in England. The letter next explains that many of those around Gandhi wished him to meet the new Ordinances with immediate defiance, but that Gandhi insisted that he must send his telegram asking for an interview with the Viceroy and that this action was widely appreciated as a sign of moderation and grace on Gandhi's part among the Europeans of the Welfare of India League, "which is mostly composed of well-intentioned loyalists," and even by the *Times of India*, which declared "its satisfaction over the telegram and urged the Viceroy to appreciate Gandhi's sincerity and comply with the request for an interview." The letter concludes:

> In practically rejecting the offer—you cannot think of a more ungentlemanly and insulting rejection—the Viceroy went one better than even the *Times of India* and the ultra-loyalists. . . . A round-up of the Working Committee, including Gandhi, is being hourly expected. I do not know how long I shall be free to send these letters.

* * *

I am not sure that the British Government in taking the side of Japan over the Manchurian dispute has thought carefully enough about the feelings of Australians and New Zealanders. At any rate a New Zealander's comment I heard the other day upon Japan's successful occupation of Manchuria was, "I'm hoping the Japanese do not hear of any bandits in New Zealand!" CRITIC.

THE TELEFANATICS

I AM delighted to hear that the advertising campaign urging the more general use of the telephone has been an enormous success. Hitherto there have been far too few telephones in the country. One result of this has been that the fanatics who are miserable unless they are ringing somebody or other up at every hour of the day have had too few numbers to choose from, and those of us who possess telephones have been overwhelmed with calls from people who would quite gladly have rung up somebody else if there had been anybody else to ring up. I have often watched one of these fanatical telephoners sitting opposite the telephone with his hand on the receiver and with his brows knit as he thought out whom he should next ring up. An evil gleam would come into his eyes as he thought of a name and carefully turned the pages in search of the right number. I could see by his expression and from the conversation that followed that there was no particular reason why he should have selected that name and number more than any other. If his victim had entered the room, he would have had nothing to say to him but would have rung up somebody else. If, on the other hand, I had been at home instead of in the same room with him, he would almost certainly have been ringing me up. On the whole, however, it is not men who are the most determined telefanatics. Man inclines to such vices as smoking and drinking. Woman, I fancy, turns preferably to bridge and the telephone as a relief from the monotony of existence. I have heard women telephoning about nothing at half-past eight in the morning. There are no prohibited hours for the telephone, and I have known other women to ring up long after midnight. It is not I whom they ring up, so that it may be thought that I have no right to complain. But the telephone-bell spares no one in the house in which it rings—at least in the room in which it rings. And it is even more exasperating to sit in a room while somebody else is answering the telephone than to answer it oneself. It is irritating not to know what the joke is, when one hears laughter. One worries one's brains to try to guess what is being said by the other person from the half conversation that one hears. If one has a telephone in the house at all, one might as well resign oneself to be a slave to it, even if one is not called up oneself oftener than twice a week.

And now that the Post Office has organised a scheme for teaching children how to use the telephone, things are bound to get considerably worse. Why, a child gets pleasure even from whistling down a speaking tube, and the telephone will seem to it the most heavenly toy ever invented. Everybody knows the ordinary child's passion for machinery, as shown in the popularity of toy railway-trains. But even railway-trains will be neglected for this new toy which enables children to talk to each other when miles apart. Parents may attempt to forbid the use of the telephone to their infants, but, when they have left the house, the adventurous child in his London home will remember a small cousin in Edinburgh to whom he would like to describe his new penknife, and will put through a trunk-call, the cost of which will turn his father's hair grey. I am sure that I myself, if there had been a telephone in the house when I was a child, would rather have rung up the butcher than have rung up nobody. I should have ordered cakes from the confectioner's, not because they were wanted, but for the joy of telephoning for them. I doubt whether the Postmaster-General is justified in increasing the revenue of the Post Office by encouraging children to impoverish their parents in this fashion. Rather would I see a ban put on the use of the telephone by anybody under the age of twenty-one. I am strongly in favour of any scheme for increasing the number of telephonees, but I am opposed to any scheme for increasing the number of telephoners.

After all, there has never in the history of the world been such a device for invading a human being's privacy. People who would feel they were unfairly trespassing on your time by calling on you after breakfast will ring you up after breakfast without a qualm. People who are too lazy to write a postcard will interrupt your most serious work to ring you up and tell you what would have been on the postcard they were too lazy to write. Even people who want to sell you vacuum cleaners will call you to the telephone to explain their wishes. It may be replied that there is no need to go to the telephone oneself, and that one might give instructions that one was not at home to telephoners except at certain hours of the day. But, human nature being what it is, most of us are curious to know what the person at the other end of the line is saying. It might be something important. It seldom is, but we are a hopeful race. Hence, when once the bell has rung, and the message is brought in, "Mr. Smith wants to speak to you, sir," we do not ask "which Mr. Smith?" but rise with a groan and go to the instrument for fear of missing *the* Mr. Smith. If the children of this country, however, are taught to use the telephone as part of their ordinary education, I will set my face and refuse to answer any calls whatever. To

put such an instrument in the hands of children will be to turn every day of the year into a First of April. It will merely add intolerably to the number of unnecessary bells ringing, and the nuisance may easily end in the total abolition of the telephone by common consent.

At the same time, as I have said, I am delighted at the success of the advertising campaign which is so largely increasing the number of telephonable people in this country. I am delighted at it, not only because it will mean that in future other people will be telephoned to instead of myself, but because it is a proof of the power of advertising—a power which, in my opinion, holds out the greatest hope imaginable for the progress of humanity. It is a great thing to know that you can persuade people to do almost anything by judicious advertising. Have we not seen an entire nation converted in recent years into a nation of mustard-consumers by a series of advertisements which invited us all to eat more mustard and even to use it in our bath? Many of us had been indifferent to mustard: some of us had even been hostile; but it was immediately as if a new Nelson had hoisted the signal: "England expects every man to eat mustard." We read, and we obeyed. Now it is a very curious thing that nobody whom one met would admit that he himself had been influenced by the advertisements. The mustard-manufacturers were known to have increased their sales beyond belief, yet not a single Englishman could be found who, on his own confession, had eaten more mustard than before. This proves, I think, not that all men are liars, but that we are all influenced by advertisements without knowing it. We have eaten more fruit, we have eaten more meat; we have drunk more stout and beer because we were told to do so in the newspapers and on the hoardings. Theoretically, we all knew about the use of mustard and fruit and meat and stout before we read the advertisers' orders to consume them. But it was only when we read these orders that we realised how much we longed for mustard and fruit, meat and stout and indulged in them to our heart's content.

In theory, again, you would say that everybody knew a year ago all the advantages of possessing a telephone; but the human being is a vacillating animal whose mind has to be made up for him by the advertiser, and the facts show that many people did not realise how ardently they longed for a telephone till the advertisements told them. The dreamer was converted by the advertisement into a man of action. The same thing would happen, I imagine, if the Post Office were to publish advertisements telling us to use more stamps and to send more telegrams. Even the miserly man would suddenly find himself writing scores of unnecessary letters and sending foolish telegrams that would convince his friends that he had gone mad. And, if the taxi-drivers of London were to combine in an advertising campaign to persuade us to use more taxis, the very match-sellers would be hopping into taxis as soon as they had collected six coppers, feeling that they were doing their duty as Englishmen.

This being so, we have only to apply the methods of the advertiser to progressive politics in order to establish the new world that everybody would want if he were told to do so in an advertisement. Every hoarding should be covered with huge posters repeating the slogan, "Peace is good for you." Every newspaper should tell us from its advertisement columns: "Disarmament Promotes Sound Sleep." "Social Reform Makes Bonny Babies," "The League of Nations is the Great Rejuvenator," and so forth. Or the advertisements might simply run: "Ask for Peace, and Insist on Having It," "Avoid War as You Would Influenza," "Justice Touches the Spot." If you can popularise mustard in this way why not peace? If you can force telephones on people by advertising, why not the League of Nations?

V. V.

IRISH EVENTS

WE are a contradictory people, and we have been less contradictory since we governed ourselves. We have been saying for a long time, "We want peace," and yet rumour of a fight has stirred something in most of us. Someone who sheltered members of the Irish Republican Army in what are now called "the troubled days" told me that they lay up in lofts, or deep in cellars, reading by the light of a candle all day, and the books they read were Wild West stories—Zane Grey, who must at that time have come as near to being a best seller as any author that came into Ireland. The effect of that literature showed in their vocabulary, in the writing which still defaces the walls of Ireland. "Plug" and "crease" and such words were not English or Irish slang, and they bewildered us at the time. My informant told me that her guests were gentle, polite boys, ready to give a hand with the housework or to mind the children until the sound of a distant lorry or a shot sent them flying to their hiding places. It was a topsy-turvy warfare and no writer has yet done full justice to it. Those who took part in it on either side were referred to by the people as "the boys," indiscriminately. "Sure the boys do be amusing themselves," a carman explained, turning his tired horse to go a five mile round when he found the road blocked by trees, as many roads were blocked in 1921.

Now that Ireland is in the news again with a Public Safety Act of terrifying powers and the Westminster Statute, it is worth while to study the mentality left by this recent history and other history less recent. We have been accused of living in the past, but the past makes the present and even the future, and we are not done with the fruits of Irish history yet. We have our heritage in Ireland, and because of it a Republic and Freedom are magic words to conjure with. We do not inquire very deeply into their meaning. We had something almost as good as a Republic, we were told, when the delegates came back from the London Conference in 1922. We have now something that the ordinary non-political mind cannot distinguish from complete independence, except that it may have certain advantages. Irish politicians have not in the past gone to the country on material advantages. A young doctor, who visited the worst parts of the Dublin slums, where, not infrequently, birth and death were present at the same time in one room which housed a family, told me that he spoke in such a room of housing schemes, of a Government that might clear away the slums and the appalling tenements for ever, and put in their place decent dwellings. He said his hearers turned indifferent faces to him and then, sudden light coming: "Sure, we want a Republic." It was the millennium.

We dreamed of it with our own Government, but one Government is disappointingly much the same as another. We are an impatient people, unwilling to travel slowly. Quick business we understand, but the slow piling of money, penny upon penny, shilling upon shilling, is wearisome. If we make business people at all, we are inclined to become mean. We have always despised thrift, confusing it with meanness. But the thrifty Irish farmer may be as mean as the French peasant. In our shopkeeping, our hotel-keeping, too often we show this. We either give for nothing or we over-charge.

What will happen now in Ireland, people are asking, with a General Election ahead and the Westminster Statute possibly making Mr. de Valera's way more easy if he should get into power? The wise man or woman does not prophesy in Ireland. The new Public Safety Act, with powers of life and death such as no British Government dreamed of, has been law for more than two months—and there has been no bloodshed. That is looked upon generally as a sign that we are entering upon a new chapter. We have had our fill of fighting and there is a genuine desire throughout

the country for peace. There is a recognition too, even among those opposed to it, that the Bill was passed by an Irish Government. No English Government could have enforced such a law peacefully.

The terrorisation of jurors that made the Bill necessary, the stigma that lies still on an informer, are part of our heritage too. We do not get rid of these things in a day. And a Republic, Freedom, are phrases to catch the hearts of the young. How many young men went into the I.R.A. because it was a cinema show better than anything they ever read in a Wild West story? And what an escape from the drudgery of a small farm and wringing a livelihood from a few acres of poor bogland and the parental tyranny that exists in rural Ireland, to become a Captain of the I.R.A. and drive in a commandeered car! The advantages of peace might seem a poor substitute, although they might seem less poor if we managed them better. We have not tried in Ireland to make a dream of peace. The Government, in reaction perhaps from the dreams of the past, has been severely businesslike, coldly matter-of-fact, although there has been one unpractical dream upon which much money has been spent and for which other education has been sacrificed, that of reviving the Irish language—a language difficult enough for scholars—and making it the language of the country.

And now, what will Mr. de Valera do if his party should get in? What is his power in the country? What of the extreme Left wing of Republicanism and all the banned organisations the list of which was published recently? And the Russian teaching stirring the world as the French Revolution stirred it? I should say that Mr. de Valera has still a strong personal following, although that is much less than it was. He broke with a section of his followers when he went into the Dail and took the Oath of Allegiance, which he is pledged to abolish if he should get in. His party is looked upon now as a constitutional one. But there is doubt as to his power to control the extremists if his Government should be returned. For this reason most people who want peace and have much to lose will vote for the present Government at the coming election, although there are those who will vote Republican because they are not satisfied with the economic situation and genuinely believe that a change of Ministers may solve a problem which is international and not national. So far indeed Ireland has escaped the worst consequences of the world depression. There has been a joining up of the pro-treaty elements in support of Mr. Cosgrave's party in preparation for this election. And for the first time the Government has declared frankly in favour of a Free State and the Commonwealth of Nations in preference to a Republic. Much will be heard at the election of the English market and the advantages of the English connection, particularly at this moment when the fall of the pound may mean a preference for the Irish farmer. It is the opening of a new chapter, which should be an important one in Irish politics.

With regard to the extreme wing supposed to be influenced by Russia—that is not taken very seriously here. The power of the Church, which is still immense, is against it, and the conservatism of the Irish people who have a natural feeling for tradition and are not by nature democrats.

The Government, being unromantic, has not tried to make a romance of improved standards of living which undoubtedly exist (although much remains to be done in the matter of housing and other constructive work), of better roads, of electric light, even if the Shannon Scheme has been costly, of sound finance and low income tax. We might do worse, since we have a Minister for Defence and Foreign Affairs and all the rest, than appoint a Minister for Living, to explore the advantages of living pleasantly to which we have been too long indifferent. This Minister should preferably be a woman. Ireland has been reactionary in its attitude towards women in affairs. But the Irish women, unconsidered up to this, in a country that has been less concerned with the business of living than with the business of dying, have immense power in the home and very often carry the men's vote as well as their own. A Department of Living, advertising its wares with reference to the benefits of a Free State as against a Republic, as competently as the Irish High Commissioner in London advertises Irish eggs and butter to English housewives, might well turn the General Election that lies before us.

PAMELA HINKSON.

THE CONQUEST OF NATURE

GOD, we are told, in King Belshazzar's hall
Inscribed His fiery warnings on the wall:
More practically minded, we devise
To scrawl "Buy British" right across the skies—
Those skies which heretofore have run to waste
And played no part in moulding public taste,
Condemned, instead, mere poems to produce
And pictures serving no commercial use.

Now progress reigns; now dawns that happier day
When idle Nature can be made to pay.
Lift up your eyes; no more with one accord
"The heavens proclaim the glory of the Lord,"
But made subservient to man's deeper need,
Blazon the virtues of the fragrant weed;
Instruct us in the brands of pills or gin,
Or on what date the Bargain Sales begin.

In all "the spacious firmament on high"
Fresh advertising slogans we descry,
And Nature's cloudy mantle gains a grace
From loud publicity's demand for space.
But why stop here, when Dover's cliffs afford
So vast, so excellent a poster-board?

Why should not trees in every public park
Have traders' catchwords stamped into their bark;
Or, cut in turf, gigantic letters crown
With spicy selling-points each rolling Down;
While, raised upon pontoons, one motley host
Of pictured hoardings rings our wasted coast?
So earth and sea and sky alike should pay
Fit tribute to the progress of to-day;
In each fair scene as in the urban street,
Man's conquest over Nature made complete.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

DISARMAMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Since last June there has been organised throughout our universities a students' Disarmament Petition, which is to be presented to the House of Commons during the first week in February. All the signatories are elected officers of student societies. The principal officers of the representative councils or unions of 25 out of 27 universities and university colleges, together with the officers of many political and religious societies, athletic and social clubs, have given it such overwhelming support as to leave little doubt as to the general line of undergraduate opinion.

But although these leaders of university activities may share the determination of the supporters of disarmament among the older generation, their attitude is slightly different. Lacking a direct experience of the War they have, perhaps, a better perspective of its causes and results. It is natural, therefore, that the intelligent student comes to the question with the realisation that disarmament is a sheer necessity, not only for the mere avoidance of war and bloodshed, but, more important from his

point of view, also as a *sine qua non* for those constructive and progressive steps along the road of international co-operation by which alone, as hard facts are now teaching the most obstinate, there is some hope of "stopping the rot." We naturally look to the needs of the future, our elders to the experiences of the past. Our conclusions, rather naturally, are the same.

Thus, to quote the text of our petition, we are "convinced of the waste and danger of maintaining armaments at their present level," quite apart from our moral obligations to the nations already disarmed, and consider that "nothing less than an all-round reduction of armaments by one quarter can restore public confidence in the efficacy of peaceful settlements." For it is upon this public confidence that we must lay the foundations of the sane reconstruction to remove the present economic and political chaos. . . .

Student campaigns have also been organised on the Continent, while in the United States, by wireless, press, and a nation-wide university ballot, an extensive mobilisation of student opinion has taken place. Moreover, I have at hand a declaration from the students belonging to the Liberal, Centre, and Social Democrat parties in Germany, issued through their Joint League of Nations Committee, welcoming our co-operation. I cannot do better than quote what seems to me the most important sentence in it from our point of view. "Moreover the student body in Germany would prefer that a just distribution and apportionment of armaments should be reached by a process of general disarmament rather than by steps towards re-armament by those States that are already limited in this respect."

One can only hope that our "elders and betters" will not leave us alone to give expression to our views on the eve of this Conference where pressure of public opinion must be made to count for more than it has ever done before.

T. CAMERON FRASER,
ex-President British Universities League of Nations Society.

THE NEXT WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Let us hope that Mr. Weald's terrible article and the Rev. G. C. Binyon's comment on it will be widespread. Warfare has now reached such a point that the old moral arguments against it have been overshadowed by new ones, and it is on these latter that we must now concentrate.

May I, in this connection, make a small practical suggestion? We can each of us do very little against warfare, and that little only in our own part of the world. In my own part of the world there is held an annual imbecility entitled "The Aldershot Tattoo." Let those of us who live in southern England do what we can to make the next Tattoo a failure—not merely by keeping away from it ourselves, but by reminding others of the obscenities concealed behind its propaganda. In the past, sabres and cavalry charges and jolly Tommies and majors with medals and patriotic hymns had a certain heroic value. They were more or less what they seemed to be. They are now just advertisements through which a tradesman pushes his wares. The wares are poison gas and vesicant dew; and the tradesman is the Devil.

Reform Club, S.W. E. M. FORSTER.

KENYA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Norman Leys' letter in your last issue confirms my belief that he and I are in fundamental agreement. We both attribute the trouble in India largely to the fact that "for a century we failed to give Indians of our best generously enough," and agree that this mistake should not be repeated in Africa.

Our point of difference seems to lie in what we each consider over-optimistic. He, I believe, thinks me too sanguine in my conviction that the scientific approach to an understanding of the African people is being used more for its rightful purpose than by wrong-headed persons. I, on the other hand, consider his estimation of human intelligence too high if he thinks that any community will systematically absorb the best from an alien culture, in whatever form it is presented, just because it would benefit them economically. The barrier will be not only lack of facilities but the people themselves, though one may be led by observing the attitude of individuals to overlook this fact. I once heard it said that in difficulty of practice the art of helping others is second only to the great art of living itself. This statement would be heartily endorsed by the administrators and educationists who have experience of the African tribesman's conservatism. His conservatism can only be overcome by those who thoroughly understand the values which he attaches to his own institutions.

But it is not only to understand the Africans' point of view that the administrator must study their institutions. When he wishes to suppress a practice that is economically or ethically undesirable he is acting in the dark if he does not know whether that practice performs any useful function at all in the life of the people, for if it does he must substitute something for what he is taking away, or the results may be chaotic. It is not always recognised that the necessity to study an institution is most imperative when there is need to change that institution. Desire to understand is not synonymous with desire to preserve.

For such reasons I firmly believe that some anthropological knowledge is an essential part of the equipment of all who are in positions of responsibility in Africa, but I hope that I and others of my way of thinking are not above appreciating Dr. Leys' salutary correctives of any over-optimism we may entertain.

20, Litchfield Way, N.W.11. C. M. LAWRENCE.

THE POLISH TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Time brings its revenges. The *Morning Post* Warsaw correspondent in its issue of January 14th announces that Mr. Witos, three times Prime Minister of Poland, has been condemned to one-and-a-half year's imprisonment for having in 1930 conspired with others (who have been condemned to longer terms) to overthrow the present Pilsudski regime; he had already spent some months in prison and has appealed against his sentence.

In 1922–23 this Mr. Witos, the Catholic leader of a so-called "Left Bloc," was Prime Minister of a Polish Government that carried out a tremendous and brutal "pacification of 'Polish' Ukraine (Eastern Galicia)" in the summer and autumn of 1922. So awful was this forcible pacification that the Catholic Ukrainian Bishops of the Metropolitan Province of Lvov (Lemberg), in conference assembled, issued a detailed appeal to Western Christendom on behalf of their persecuted co-nationals, whose religious services of the Catholic Ukrainian Rite were actually also threatened. Archbishop Szeptycki, the Ukrainian Metropolitan, would also have signed this appeal but for being absent abroad. Of our Catholic weeklies, to their shame, only one, the *Catholic Times*, published this moving manifesto from our Ukrainian fellow-Catholics in what was Eastern Galicia.

From the above it will be seen that the more recent and equally terrible "pacification" of "Polish" Ukraine in the autumn of 1930 was not a new or impossible thing. Pro-Polish writers, like Mr. Hilaire Belloc (a very sudden convert to Polonism) and also other writers to the press on this subject in the earlier months of last year, seemed to doubt even the possibility of the occurrence of such terrible events. But as the Polish proverb has it: *Potrzeba nie zna prawa*, i.e., "Necessity knows no law"—in this case, of course, Polish necessity. "TOURNEBROCHE."

THE DOUGLAS SCHEME

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As I should be happy if I could carry Mr. J. A. Hobson with me, perhaps I may invoke the courtesy of your columns to deal with the difficulty which he finds in my recent book *The Monopoly of Credit*. Perhaps by restating the matter in a form more familiar to Mr. Hobson, that desirable end may be attained.

The total deposits in the Joint Stock Banks are between £1,700,000,000 and £1,800,000,000. The annual clearings of the same banks are about £40,000,000,000. Assuming that the deposits were in constant use, these figures would suggest that the cyclic period of money in this country is about 2½ weeks. I am fully conscious of the corrections to be applied, but I do not think they seriously invalidate the argument.

If Mr. Hobson will take 100 examples of modern production, ranging from, say, the Sydney Bridge and the Sukkur Dam at one end, to edible vegetables at the other, "weight" these according to the number of men employed and the time taken to complete each unit, he will be able to obtain a very rough but still illuminating figure of the average length of the modern production cycle, which certainly runs into years. I do not suppose

that it is necessary to labour the point to him, under these circumstances, that in a money cycle of a few weeks and a production cycle of some years, the same money must appear several times in the cost of production. So that any divergence of opinion between Mr. Hobson and myself really reduces to this: Does he, or does he not agree with the statement on page 30 of *The Monopoly of Credit?* "Where any payments in money appear twice or more in series production, then the ultimate price of the product is increased by that amount multiplied by the number of times of its appearance, without any equivalent increase of purchasing power."

The "B" payments mentioned on a later page of the same chapter are, of course, the channel by which these repeated cycles of money which go to make up a final cost, are completed.

8, Fig Tree Court, — C. H. DOUGLAS.
Temple, E.C.4.

CRUELTY AT THE CIRCUS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I must thank Mr. MacMichael for answering my letter so humanely. I am, of course, open to the charge of not having studied the subject adequately, though I have read a long discussion in the House of Commons on the permissibility of performing fleas and much general literature on cruelty to animals. I remember a letter from an outraged animal lover protesting at the brutal way in which donkeys are overworked in the summer holidays, taking children for rides on the sands.

Hence we are sometimes rather doubtful about the discretion of enthusiasts. What, for instance, are Mr. MacMichael's tigers who twice daily perforate their paws on spikes in the course of a turn? Anyone who has kept a cat knows how sensitive its paws are and how helpless it is rendered by the slightest sore. I do not quite see these bleeding tigers waltzing on horseback round the ring. The animals would soon be dead and the trainer well out of pocket. In any case, there are no spikes visible this year at Olympia. I was right up against the arena and could see perfectly. I dislike tiger turns, too, but these particular tigers seemed in perfect trim.

Does Mr. MacMichael affirm that it is impossible to teach any animal any trick worth looking at? I wish Mr. MacMichael would answer this straight. I must say it seems highly unlikely. We all have friends with what is known as "a gift for animals," whose house dogs perform astonishing tricks. Yet such dogs are certainly not ill-used, while in my own family I have an aunt who, by sheer gentleness, can tame the shyest animal, and when she lived in London the sparrows used to follow her down the street. She certainly could have earned her living at a circus. Are no animal trainers people of this nature?

On the whole my sympathies go out to those who object to the pleasure afforded to the spectators. Were I dictator, I should be tempted to stop all shooting and hunting. But this is because I dislike the mentality of sportsmen. Pheasants have a very good time of it till they come to a violent end and foxes have a good run for their money. Until we know more about the true sense of animals we cannot enter into their minds. Mr. Aldous Huxley has described in harrowing sentences the sufferings of potatoes under the knife. Perhaps we should abstain from potatoes, but hardly, I think, out of sympathy for the potatoes.

Cock fighting presents this problem in ethics in a very pretty form. Public opinion has decided that amateurs should be deprived of this particular pleasure. But he would be a bold man who asserted that the cocks, who are apparently as bellicose and sadistic as human beings, did not enjoy themselves.

On the other hand, if the animals apparently enjoy themselves and the onlooker does not know that they are unhappy, I fail to see how children or anybody else can be degraded, though the excellence of the onlooker's state of mind may be more than counterbalanced by the sufferings of the performer.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

SKY-WRITING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There has been a deal of correspondence in the *Times* recently on the question of Skywriting, and I wonder it has not been commented upon in your weekly, if only to point out one of the fallacies which seems, up to now, to have been missed.

The battle has raged around the question of æstheticism *versus* commercialism and there have been weighty letters for both sides. It is urged that commercial interests are important and that skywriting is important to commercial interests.

I assert that it is not.

Skywriting will provide a spectacle and people will marvel at it. We shall hear a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" as at a firework display as the sky is illuminated first with the message of a well-known soap and then with that of an equally famous whisky.

But it will not sell goods. How many of the thousands who daily see the vulgar and rather childish display of rioting signs at Piccadilly Circus carry away with them any clear idea of the products which these signs are, presumably, designed to advertise? How many could name only two of the products represented?

It is the old question of the striking, and perhaps beautiful poster which causes a lot of comment, but just ask *whose* soap or beer it is supposed to be selling, and few can tell you.

What a pleasing prospect this skywriting opens up, in any case! Bargain prices on moonlight nights, Solus sites over Hampstead Heath. "Say it with sky-signs to High Society—Hook-up on Henley's Heavens at Regatta time and reap a rich reward." REGINALD W. BRAYNE.

11, Grape Street,
New Oxford Street, W.C.2.

HOUSING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The paragraph about Housing in your issue last week is a little misleading in its opening sentence. Circular 1238 to which you refer is no new departure in policy; it merely puts into print the practice of the Ministry of Health under the late Labour Administration. The policy of restriction both as to quantity and quality of houses began in 1930 while the Labour Party was in office. Most people will entirely agree with you in deploring the curtailment of building parlour houses; but this policy did not begin with the National Government, as Socialist councillors up and down the country can testify from their bitter experiences of 1930–31. It is an odd paradox that it was left for a Labour Government to cajole local councils into lowering the standard of working class housing, to enforce the thesis that one kitchen-living-room is quite good enough for the lower orders. Had the Labour Ministers shown half the legislative vision and administrative vigour of Dr. Addison in 1919 or of Mr. Wheatley in 1924, so much progress might well have been made by now that Circular 1238 would have been a relatively harmless scrap of paper.

Girton, Cambridgeshire. MICHAEL PEASE.

SLOVAKIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Permit me to express my astonishment at certain remarks of your contributor, Mr. R. G. Randall, in his review of *Slovakia Then and Now*. He tells us that "nearly all the inhabitants of the big towns of Bratislava and Kosice are Magyars." But Bratislava, though it was there that the Magyar monarchs held their coronations and a crown still decorates the spire of the principal church—as the authorities do not think it is worth removing, even as a crown is still *in situ* at the Kremlin—Bratislava was before the war a town more Austrian than anything else, for it is considerably nearer to Vienna than to Budapest. To-day the inhabitants whose mother-tongue is German remain in excess of those whose mother-tongue is Magyar; consequently the former have the privilege of seeing their language used, with the official Slovak, all over the inside of the prison, while the street names are indicated in the three languages. The Magyar minority is too small for the prison, but large enough for the streets.

The position in Kosice is interesting and may be studied in a series of old maps and Magyar statistics which have been preserved in the municipal library. A hundred years ago the shops of the main street—the others had not much importance—were in German hands, while the Slovaks were humble folk who dwelt in the back streets and the suburbs. As for the Magyars, the not very numerous aristocracy of the province had some town houses in Kosice and lived in them during the winter months, while practically the only other Magyars were officials sent from Budapest. It is instructive to see what modifications ensued when the Magyar nationalism became rampant. The Slovak population shrank tremendously and suddenly, while there was a corresponding increase in the number of Magyars.

A person who woke up in the morning as a Slovak would go to bed —although he knew it not himself—a Magyar. Many of the Germans, whether Christians or Jews, underwent a similar process, though in their case they were more conscious of it.

When Mr. Randall says that "the premise for separating Slovakia from Hungary may not be justifiable" he ignores the fact that there is no racial kinship whatsoever between Slovak and Magyar, and no resemblance between their languages, whereas the Slovak and the Czech are so close to each other that a Slovak deputy is perfectly understood if he talks his own language in the Parliament at Prague, and a Czech railway official whom I happened to meet in Slovakia told me that his girl, aged eight, who had recently come with him to that part of Czecho-Slovakia, was experiencing no difficulty at the Slovak school.

Mr. Randall says that the Magyars "made no startling contributions towards the rapid emancipation" of the Slovaks. That is a delicious way of telling his readers—I am sure he would not wish to conceal the truth—that the Slovaks in the elementary schools were more and more obliged to learn their lessons in a language which they did not understand, while the last three Slovak secondary schools were abolished in 1908, the very year when a deputation of English Liberals, members of the Eighty Club, were fêted at Budapest by the Hungarian Liberals. The speeches uttered at the banquets there had heartiness all over them.

And let us observe how the Czechoslovak Government, coming into possession of those territories, has taken vengeance. Both in Slovakia and in Ruthenia, the neighbouring province, there are to-day more Hungarian schools, supported by the Czecho-slovak Government, than in the old Hungarian days.

The Bath Club, HENRY BAERLEIN.
34, Dover Street, W.1.

TWO GREAT EDITORS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your London Diary "Critic" says: It is arguable that "there have been only two first-class editors in English journalism during the last 30 years and that they were Scott and Massingham." What about Mr. Spender in the days of the old *Westminster* and what about Mr. Clifford Sharp? I have often heard my father, whom no one has ever accused of a tendency towards over-statement, speak of Mr. Sharp as "a really great journalist and a really great editor." He invariably compared him favourably with Massingham.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

44, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

[Critic writes: "There have been a number of very good editors and, of course, it is purely a matter of opinion which were the best. I myself put C. P. Scott and Massingham in a class by themselves —but it is obviously arguable."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

PUZZLES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I explain through the medium of your correspondence columns that I am suffering from the prevailing 'flu and that I hope in due course to reply individually to a number of interesting letters in regard to my weekly puzzles?

CALIBAN.

Miscellany

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION—III

THOUGH there are two seductively coloured fruit pieces by Chardin (175 and 179), hung too high to enable one to enjoy his inimitable *matière*, there is nothing here that gives one a notion of the impressive grandeur of design and chiaroscuro with which he invested the most banal objects of everyday use. In compensation, however, Stockholm sends two of his finest genre pieces—*The Toilet* (237) is an exquisitely balanced design. The figures of the mother and child take exactly their right positions in the space, and as a comedic expression of a momentary mood it is inimitable. The gesture and regard of the little girl are so perfectly seized that one can guess at all the indecipherable complexities and contrarieties of childhood's moods. In *Le Dessinateur* (194), on the other hand, the psychological interest is relatively slight, but this little panel, hardly bigger than a postcard, achieves an inspired monumental grandeur and gravity. Chardin, by the intensity of his sensibility and the stark honesty of his expression, was able to give to the unpretentious commonplaceness of his pretexts profound imaginative significance.

Perroneau is, I think, the greatest portrait painter of the 18th century. The scarcity of his works perhaps accounts for his being still undervalued. Fortunately, two of his masterpieces are at Burlington House. There is the tenderly penetrating interpretation of *Mme. de Sorquainville* (252) and the still more surprising *Petrus Woortman* (260), a bewigged and worldly priest in a rich brownish purple robe. In the effortless ease of its handling, in the stimulating harmonies of its restrained colour and the subtlety of its transitions it is a supreme piece of painting. Beside this such a piece of bravura as Fragonard's portrait of his sister (264) looks terribly common. But Fragonard with his meridional exuberance is not to be judged on a single work. Look, for example, at his *Lavandières* (181), in which a rare harmony of silvery greys and whites with touches of dull yellow and dark green is expressed with the utmost fluency and elegance, or look among the drawings at that surprising interior (823) in which the unexpected relation of the figures to the space suggests a higher imaginative flight than one generally associates with Fragonard's name.

With *David and the Revolution*, in Gallery VII, we are plunged into a world of solemn pretentiousness in which the tender sensibility, the witty awareness, and the refined sensuality of the eighteenth century withers. Only Ingres' *La Belle Zelic* (281) consoles us with its seductive linear melody. He was twenty-six years old when he painted this, and he never, I think, painted so well again. Though it is not the work of a great colourist, it is very harmonious and luminous, and the figure belongs to its background. *The Stratonice* (284) shows how the doctrinaire and schoolmaster in him destroyed the painter, for this, in spite of the exquisite design of Stratonice herself, does not exist pictorially at all. No plausible situation within the picture space can be assigned to anything; it is as flat as an architect's elevation. Ingres recovers himself in the still later *Source* (440), because in effect there is nothing but the single figure. It would have been better, no doubt, if the surroundings had never been painted at all, but nothing in them destroys one's delight in this rhythmic discovery. Géricault was one of the most gifted men of the 19th century, but only one picture here, the *Mounted Hussar* (368), gives any idea of his genius, of the force and brilliance of his handling, of the richness of his chiaroscuro, and even from this one would scarcely guess at that mastery of composition which reminds one of the greatest Italian masters. What a pity, too, that we could not see one of his rare sculptures. His *alter ego* and disciple, Delacroix, is, however, seen to great advantage. Here the choice has been so careful that we get the impression of a much less fallible and at times feeble artist than we derived from the Delacroix Exhibition in Paris a year or two ago. The idea that he was a great master like Géricault still seems to me an exaggeration, but one cannot deny the competence of the huge *Clemency of Trajan* (437). It is, I think, the only one of his large compositions in which he has succeeded in carrying a Rubens-like rhythm through a complicated design with some continuity. Ingres was more intensely an artist than his hated rival, but, despising what he considered the low seductions of colour and chiaroscuro, he was quite unable to bring coherence into his *S. Symphorien* (424) in spite of the marvellous drawing of individual figures.

Courbet is an artist who can be totally damned or glorified

according to the choice made of his works. He was a blustering but essentially good-hearted bounder with an insatiable freshness of vision and an infallible hand. When he was showing off his powers he could do such vulgar works as the *Femme au Perroquet* (436). When he forgot himself in his fascinated vision he could create the astonishing *Snow Scene* (384) with a delicacy of feeling, a subtlety of observation, and a total renunciation of any display which Corot himself could scarcely surpass. It is so moving a vision, so exquisite and fresh in its evanescent colour harmonies, that Courbet's almost uncanny technical skill never forces itself upon our attention. The *Baigneuse* (340) is another masterpiece in which Courbet's tremendous grip of form is almost veiled beneath the subdued and delicate tonality. The *Demoiselles au bord de la Seine* (439) is another of Courbet's triumphs; it is a picture of crucial importance in the history of art, and, more even than Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, marks the beginning of the long and triumphant development of pleinairism, for, although the picture itself was painted in the studio, it was almost the first time that such a subject had been grasped and recorded as a single whole. One can scarcely exaggerate what modern painting owes to Courbet's turbulent and original nature. He was the Caravaggio of the 19th century, but how enormously more gifted, how much more genuine an artist!

When Courbet is at his worst—there is nothing approaching his worst at Burlington House—he shocks us by his aggressive bad manners. The trouble with Daumier is of quite another kind; it comes from an uncritical enthusiasm for romantic over-emphasis. He will not leave things to tell their own tale as Guys so disdainfully and delicately does (though there is nothing here to tell of his grandest flights): he will be putting in too much of his own generous but misplaced enthusiasm. But in one picture here, *Les Joueurs d'Échecs* (370), Daumier is content to be a pure spectator, and it is a masterpiece in which every detail plays its part in the rich harmony of the design; the dull background of the room is as passionately explored as the figures themselves. The intensity of feeling is sustained throughout. Manet is splendidly represented in the big gallery in the various periods of his development. Personally, I feel that it was a great misfortune for him that he ever heard of impressionism. His own personal discovery in vision, which was assisted by his love for 17th-century Spanish art, led him to establish a grandly simplified design of the figure seen in a flat direct light relieved strongly against a dark background. His portrait of his parents (426) is a splendid and intimately felt interpretation. The drawing is everywhere suave in its ample rhythms, and the frank and abrupt handling is supremely distinguished. Manet's specific feeling for blonde harmonies of pale rose and ivory was perfectly suited by this pictorial formula. We see it again in his *Bulles de Savon* (399), which is a miracle of direct handling and delicate modelling.

Already in the *Bon Bock* (396) of 1873 the change has begun. Compared with the suavely rounded drawing of the *Bulles de Savon*, this shows already an agitated staccato accent. In the *Brioche* (395) the handling is cheaply effective and almost foreshadows Sargent. Finally, with the emulation of his pleinairish friends, Manet loses not only his distinction of rhythm but a great deal of his feeling for colour. A colourist, of course, he always remained, and even in the *Chez le Père Lathuille* (417) there are exquisite transitions of colour here and there, though the whole effect is terribly commonplace. Manet lost, too, under the stress of trying to follow the impressionists, his feeling for design. How could he in the disintegrated visual texture which that theory imposed find the large silhouettes on which his pictorial architecture depended? I see in the *Bar aux Folies Bergères* (405) a desperate and heroic attempt at the end of his life to recapture something of that large and impressive design.

ROGER FRY.

CLEAN YOUR WINDOWS

WINDOWS was first performed in April, 1922, and I reviewed it in these columns. Having considered the impression it made upon me last week when it was revived and made a few notes, I turned back to see what I had written ten years ago. I was gratified (for it is reassuring to find that one's reactions have some stability) and also embarrassed to find that I had said then exactly what I wanted to say now. When you do not know what you think of a play it is not a bad plan to put down all the adjectives which seem to you to apply to it, whether they are consistent or not. I am, I wrote then, in that predicament after having just seen *Windows*, Mr. Galsworthy's play. It struck me as—now for the jumble!—very well acted, interesting, slow, thoughtful, inconclusive, amusing, unexhilarating, wise, commonplace, mild—very mild, full of ordinary human nature honestly drawn from an ordinary point of view, streaked with staginess, sober, sentimental, full of good comedy without comic zest, full of satire from which kind impartiality had abstracted the sting, sensitive—yet a little wooden, modest, yet marked by a certain quiet, rather exasperating assurance. . . . Well, what do you make of that string of adjectives? My readers have the right, I know, to ask *me* to add them up and cancel them out; I want, however, to temporise yet a little longer.

Sometimes, when one orders tea at an hotel, when the tray comes in one is delighted at the noble size of the metal cream jug. It seems brim full, too. But when one begins to pour out the cream one discovers that the bottom of the jug is about an inch from the rim, and that beneath is an enormous hollow. This is a disappointment which the reflection that one has, after all, been given just as much, or perhaps rather more, cream than one could reasonably expect, never quite counterbalances. I have often had an analogous disappointment watching Mr. Galsworthy's drama. It seems deep and full, but the bottom of it much nearer the surface than the contour of the receptacle suggested, and this analogy applies also to his characters. When they have been tilted up once or twice one soon sees the bottom of them. Now, that is not like life. People are commonplace—I admit, much more commonplace than artists make out, who are apt to insert a little bit of their own restless radium into the centre of their characters, but there is always a Bergsonian possibility of spontaneous, unexpected development in living people, a something which may sprout in unforeseen directions. This self-creative, ever-new element in human nature is singularly unrepresented in Mr. Galsworthy's work. Personally, I miss it terribly. Its absence makes attendance at one of his plays remind me of playing chess against oneself; one does not know whether black or white is going to win—one may even play impartially for both sides—but, somehow, excitement has gone out of the contest. There! I have spoken my mind about a defect in Mr. Galsworthy's drama in general. Now for this play. *Windows* is very well acted at the Duchess Theatre by that varying company which is engaged by "The People's Theatre."

Now, a play by Mr. Galsworthy is a safe card for The People's Theatre. He appeals to the grave kind of playgoer and yet he is very easy to follow; you need not be clever, only serious-minded, to understand him. This obviousness is at once his strength and his weakness as a writer. His strength because, after all, to make your point is the end of all dramatic dialogue; his weakness because he will often sacrifice human nature in order to bring it out clearly. He will make his characters say not what expresses their nature, but what defines the issue between them or the theme of the play. The theme in *Windows* is one of Mr. Galsworthy's most constant preoccupations: ought we to follow the heart or the head in our behaviour towards hopeless characters or criminals? Is chivalry or hard common sense to rule our

decisions in such cases? In Mr. Galsworthy the quality of mercy is not strained—far from it. But as a practical man he has wondered in public again and again whether it ought not to be restrained. In *Windows* he has treated this problem in the spirit of comedy. The curtain goes up on a middle-class family who have just finished breakfast. The father is a psychological novelist and a Liberal journalist (the date is 1922) who is in a state of permanent and natural indignation against the Government. His son is a youth who has been through the war and is presented as utterly disillusioned. Johnny has discovered that the ideals for which he fought have been chucked. What price chivalry now? He is occupied in pouring out, presumably, his bitterness in verse. (Note in passing: Mr. Galsworthy has no idea what real disillusionment is; Johnny is as untouched by cynicism or despair as he could have possibly been before the war.) Much against the will of Mrs. March, father and son decide to engage as parlour-maid the daughter of Bly, who comes to clean the windows. (A rather stagey character part excellently played by Mr. Ben Field. Bly is within the bounds of possibility, but his philosophising falls too pat upon the moral of the play. One sees too clearly the purpose of each of his remarks.) The drawback in Mrs. March's eyes to engaging his daughter Faith is that she has just served two years' imprisonment for smothering her illegitimate baby. This, in the eyes of her husband and son, is the best of all reasons for giving her another chance. They get their way. In Act II we see the consequences. Johnny feels an immense sympathy for her. Have not they both been through hell? Sympathy soon leads to a kiss (This scene is admirable). Faith is a pretty, pathetic, stunned little creature. Cook (most amusingly played by Miss Fairbrother; her get-up, too, is perfect) surprises them and tells Mrs. March; Mrs. March dismisses Faith. There are very good points, but some weak ones in the drawing of Faith's character, which Miss Hermione Baddeley interprets well. Prison has made her resentful, sullen and greedy for life. Mr. Galsworthy is too sentimental in choosing symbols for this natural greed of hers (flowers, trees, etc.), just as he strikes several false notes when he makes Faith speak of herself, when she explains why she killed her baby. She says, for instance, "I didn't want to kill it—I only wanted to save it from living," and "I was afraid they would make it a ward in Chancery." In fact, he puts *his own* comments on Faith into *her* mouth. When Johnny hears that Faith has been dismissed he protests violently. "What she wants is the human touch," he cries. "No doubt," says his mother grimly, remembering the kiss. He has no clear idea of himself in relation to Faith. His "window" wants cleaning. He looks out of it and sees life as Faith sees it, but he does not see himself. (All through this symbolism is used.)

The opening of Act III is exceedingly amusing. Johnny (off-stage) has camped outside Faith's door to prevent her leaving. He is determined to "save" her, and if his parents do not handle him right he is quite likely to marry her—out of principle and pity. Fortunately, however, it turns out that Faith has "a man." He comes to fetch her, and an inspector of police also appears. "Her man" is a fellow who has twice got into trouble for living on prostitutes. (He is not a convincing figure.) He is frightened off, and Faith goes back to her father, the window cleaner, who turns up drunk. Mrs. March, who for once has been taking a little too much brandy to support her through these trying domestic storms, then speaks under the inspiration of Bacchus the moral of the play, or rather one of the morals. (The other is the stupidity of the criminal law.)

Miss Mabel Terry Lewis acted throughout quietly and well, but at this moment perfectly. "I see—it—all. You—can't—help—unless—you—love . . . She—wants—to be—loved. You thought she wanted to be saved. Silly! She just wants to be loved. Quite natural. See people as they are. Then you won't be—disappointed." The two men could do nothing for Faith because they could not give her what she wanted. Ergo, failing love, whatever that may mean exactly (I think that what Faith probably wanted most was a "lover"), common sense is more practical than chivalry. But to ask to be loved is rather a tall order.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mr. Fairbanks en Voyage

I DO not know that I could recommend Mr. Douglas Fairbanks' *Round the World in 80 Minutes* to my most sensitive friends. His bawling cheeriness might scrape their nerves rather badly. For my own part, I enjoyed myself on the whole very well. Mr. Fairbanks has been to the Philippines, Japan, China, Indo-China, Siam and India, and on his return asks us to look over his book of snapshots with him. Perhaps he has not seen anything particularly interesting, but on the other hand we turn over the leaves of his book quite quickly and the photographs are good in themselves. We also feel that Mr. Fairbanks really took the photographs because he liked the things he was photographing and a man can do what he likes with his own camera. His own noisy accompaniment adds to the sense of reality which you get from this film. There is a certain intimacy running through the picture, and I feel that Mr. Fairbanks, for all his heartiness, would be an enthusiastic and sympathetic travelling companion. It is very clever of Mr. Fairbanks to have established this intimacy between himself and his audience, an intimacy which gives us something new in travel films. Further, though Mr. Fairbanks is rather unsophisticated in his outlook, he certainly does not feel offensively patronising about the people he has been visiting.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Friday, January 22nd—
Professor Lionel Robbins on "Great Britain and the Gold Standard," B.B.C., 7.5.
London Chamber Orchestra, Anthony Bernard, Szigeti, Dorothy Silk, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Sunday, January 24th—
C. E. M. Joad on "A Reform Bill for 1932," South Place, 11.

Monday, January 25th—
Professor Gilbert Murray on "The Reform of Parliamentary Government in Great Britain," Caxton Hall, 5.30.
Haydn Bi-Centenary Concert, Kreisler and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, January 26th—
Foyles' Literary Luncheon, Grosvenor House, 1. Alfred Noyes, Ernest Milton, Stephen Graham.
Professor Philip Noel Baker on "What Can We Expect from the Conference?" Friends House, 1.20.
Sir William Goode, K.B.E., on "Hungary," Morley College, 8.
Kingsley Martin on "What the Public Wants," B.B.C., 8.30.

Wednesday, January 27th—
Wagner Concert, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, January 28th—
Wickham Steed on "Internationalism and Education," Birkbeck College, 8.
Disarmament Demonstration, Central Hall, 7.30. Speakers: Breitscheid, Jonhaux, Bromley, Lansbury.

Friday, January 29th—
F. W. Pethick Lawrence on "Reparations and War Debts," Caxton Hall, 8.15.
Beethoven Recital, Lener Quartet, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Celtic Twilight, in spite of the great authority of Mr. Yeats, was never an Irish manifestation. The quality in Mr. Yeats' own work, which suggests or justifies the phrase, came rather from the Pre-Raphaelites, especially from Morris, than from any Irish source. Irish glamour, Irish softness, Irish mystery, Irish magic . . . how tired the Irish were of hearing of those decorative and gentle characteristics; and how rudely some Irish authors, from Mr. Shaw to Mr. James Joyce and Mr. O'Flaherty, have torn the veil of illusion and fancy. Indeed, there are some Irish authors to-day who never seem to travel out of that small harsh bit of Donegal known as The Bloody Foreland, and are determined to wipe off the map all less austere and uncomfortable parts of their country. Mr. Shaw killed the stage Irishman, Mr. O'Casey killed the patriot, Mr. O'Flaherty produces peasants whom we should never meet in Somerville and Ross; and Mr. Yeats himself, turning too contemptuously on his own early tapestries, declares for a lean and spare poetry, and shows that in that manner too he can write the loveliest verse of our day. It has now become unfashionable ever to use the famous phrase of Matthew Arnold's, and speak of "Celtic Magic"; and indeed, instances of the magic can be found in poetry which has little affiliation with any but English sources; yet some scholars and critics prefer to discern a specifically Celtic note in much English poetry, and, if it be shown that Shakespeare has it, they will find him a Welsh ancestress.

* * *

And, after all, it is silly to deny the possible effects of race on literature. Even apart from language, race may be potent—we can never expect to have a Racine in England, and what country but England could have produced a novelist of the precise quality of Thackeray? If then we admit the power of race in literature, we may as well admit that even the much-abused and over-used claims for Celtic magic have a good deal to be said for them. No one can help feeling this when so lovely a book as Dr. Robin Flower's *Poems and Translations* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) comes his way. Here is a book indestructibly Irish. It is Irish not in any exploiting sense. The poet is never striving after a particularly Celtic effect; but suddenly in the midst of his limpid and simple English there is a phrase, a turn of speech, which transports us. Dr. Flower has an unashamed delight in beauty. He makes no effort to avoid words and images which in less skilful hands might be tedious in their customary loveliness. And to beauty he can add force, a force that owes nothing to violence or over-statement. Here are magic and beauty born of war:

They had forgotten that for which they died,
Ardours and angers, valiancy and pride,
The blows given for blows, the blood, the stench,
The grenade scattering death in the dripping trench,
The humming death and the droning death in the air,
And the sad earth pitted and riven everywhere—
They had forgotten all; and now gathered together
Like flocks of birds fluttering in the serene weather
When the exhausted summer day draws to an end,
Enemy by enemy going as friend by friend,
Rejoicing and noting these truants from life,
Forgetting mistress and friend, children and wife,
Released from hate and love, mated or unmated,
Wondering at how they had loved, how they had hated,
Spirits alight and alert, circling and flying
Over death and life, being done with living and dying,
Being free of the flesh, glad runaways from that prison
Eager for joy, avid of light, from slumber arisen:
So enemy going by enemy as friend by friend
In the level light of the quiet evening end,
They flew and mounted and dwindled and so were gone.
And the night drew down and stars came one by one.
A wandering wind began to murmur and sigh,
And the earth lay lonely under a livid sky.

Our ideas of Irish literature, and the practice of many modern Irish poets writing in English, were modified very greatly when Irish scholars began to translate the old Irish poems. The best-known of these translators are Dr. Douglas Hyde and Dr. Kuno Meyer, and the value of Dr. Hyde's pioneer work can never be overestimated. I do not think, however, that any lover of poetry can deny that Dr. Flower has excelled his predecessors in the rendering of poetry by poetry. It is rare to meet a book, in which are printed original poems and translations, and to find that the poetic vein is strong and lovely in both sections of the book. In his own poems Dr. Flower shows a cunning aptitude for writing about animals—was he inspired to that series of *Monkey Music* by his fine version of Pangur Bán?

I and Pangur Bán, my cat,
'Tis a like task we are at;
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

* * *

Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur's way;
Oftentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

'Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

* * *

In the rendering of the passionate things in Irish poetry, in giving full value to that fine rhetoric that distinguishes Gaelic love poetry, Dr. Flower has no rival but Mr. Stephens. There is plenty of material in their translations for those who would wish to contravert Mr. Chesterton's judgment that

The great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men whom God made mad,
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

There is little of sadness in some of the lighter love poems, for instance *The Wise Lover*: he can be contented with any kind of feminine charm

I ask no roses in her face,
No golden shimmer in her hair;
A pallid cheek for me has grace
And jet-black locks are fair.

Dark was the mother of that maid
Who brought proud Ilium to its fall;
Yet shining locks of golden braid
Had Helen fair and tall.

I will confess to all around
That since my heart to love inclined
My worst sin is that I have found
All women to my mind.

* * *

That mood is a refuge. It is true that English critics of Irish people and poetry have oftenest gone astray: a sorrow that is neither silent nor sullen, but gay and voluble, seems to many English insincere and frivolous. There is no false solemnity in Irish poetry; the poets are too preoccupied with the eternal things to build up a temporal self-importance. It is for the poet in every man that Dr. Flower wrote his *Alone*.

I dream and from my mind
The dead to living come;
I build a marble Rome
I give it to the wind.

Athens and Babylon
I breathe upon the night,
Troy towers for my delight
And crumbles stone by stone.

I change with white and green
The seasons hour by hour;
I think—it is a flower,
Think—and the flower has been.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

The Brothers. By L. A. G. STRONG. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Magnolia Street By LOUIS GOLDING. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Eastward Drift. By EDWARD PERCY. Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.

Miner. By F. C. BODEN. Dent. 6s.

Mr. Strong is in danger of being choked with butter by his critics. And this is a pity. He is a poet with a poet's command of language; as a novelist he is virile as well as sensitive; and it is not improbable that some time in the not distant future he will write a piece of fiction of the first order. When that time comes, the people who are now bellowing about his "genius" will be out of breath. And if not out of breath, they will have found someone else to bellow about. And if they have found no one else, they will certainly have exhausted their vocabulary of laudation. It is a poor look-out for Mr. Strong. I, for one, have too much respect for his rich talent to suppose that he does himself justice in *The Brothers*. It is the story of John and Fergus, the two sons of Hector Macrae, farmer, fisherman, and owner of a secret still. It is set in the Western Highlands of Scotland. John, the elder son, is cunning and cruel and physically weak. He is also lustful, prudish, treacherous, and a coward. When Hector Macrae and the other whisky-runners discover an informer in their midst, it is John's alert intelligence that contrives a way of murdering the fellow that shall leave them, as they think, guiltless of his blood. Fergus's is a kindlier nature (though he, too, is capable of revenging himself on a dogfish by ripping off its dorsal fin with his teeth and flinging it back into the water alive); but, except as a fisherman, Fergus is monumentally stupid and easily controlled by John. A young girl, Mary, is received into the Macrae household. She is desired by Willie McFarish, who attempts to rape her; but Fergus arrives in the nick of time, and there is a savage fight, described in detail and with relish. The resulting feud between the two families, the Macraes and the McFarishes, and the "Rowing" by which it was resolved: these provide Mr. Strong with occasion for a piece of vigorous narration, and he is more than equal to it. Weakened by this physical ordeal, old Hector takes to his bed and dies, and John becomes head of the household. Mary is discovered to have been meeting her lover, Willie, on the sand-hills; and John, in conference with Fergus, decrees that she must be thrashed. Fergus agrees, and obeys: or obeys up to a point, the point at which he finds that she is a desirable and willing young woman. But having once possessed her he becomes ashamed, and henceforward avoids her: to her bitter distress, for she is wholeheartedly in love with him. John, too, finds her a temptation, and yields to it. What then is to be done? It is clear, says John, that Mary is evil and would be better out of the world: we must see about it. Fergus can't help thinking it a little hard on Mary, but he remembers (and misinterprets) his father's last words, and anyhow John has said so, and John is the head of the family. So the brothers plan to murder Mary; and Fergus—John malingering—carries out the murder. The episode of the murder, where Fergus takes Mary out in the boat and Mary is happy and loving with him, would be quite intolerably harrowing could one take it seriously. But fortunately for one's comfort, unfortunately for Mr. Strong's art, the thing is too monstrous for belief. If cruelty and violence were the measure of greatness (and they are sometimes accounted so), this book would be a masterpiece. There is, indeed, far more in it than that: some admirable writing, lyrical descriptions of Nature, and good dramatic narrative. But violence (rather than strength) is the keynote. It is less its violence, however, than the casual take-it-or-leave it manner in which the violence is presented, that impairs the story as a work of art. Mr. Strong is at no pains to make his incredibilities credible. His people are drawn in the flat: they have little human substance, and all that they do has the air of being forced on them by their author. All that they do, and all that they suffer too. Natural death seems to be almost unknown in the Western Highlands. Mary is murdered; the genial Captain M'Grath is drowned; Fergus drinks himself to death; John is gored by a bull. It is true that the elder Macraes die in their beds, but even two swallows do not make a summer. This is the Book Society's choice for January.

Mr. Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street* is a work on so large a scale that it is difficult to know how to give an adequate account of it. Happily, the author himself provides something in the nature of a prospectus in his first chapter, and I can hardly do better than quote it:

> This is a tale of a small street in the Longton district of Doomington in the North Country. Its name is Magnolia Street, and the streets that run parallel with it, right and left across the central thoroughfare of Blenheim Road, are called after the mimosa, the acacia, the laburnum, the oleander, and several other blossoming shrubs . . . The street itself plays a role at least as important as any of the humans in this chronicle. Its main configuration was the same in 1910, when Benny Edelman so comically saved little Tommie Wright's life, as it was in 1930. The Jews lived in the odd-numbered houses on the south side of the street; the gentiles lived opposite in the even-numbered houses. So it is to this day. The Jewish working-folk have infiltrated into the streets north of Magnolia Street; the gentiles have seeped back again south of it. But generally speaking, in the even houses of Magnolia Street only the gentiles live, and in the odd houses the Jews.
>
> Now the space that divides the two sides of the small street is a matter of thirty feet or so. But during the greater part of the time covered by this history, that space might have been a broad sea, so strange to each other did those folk seem. But there were moments or periods or passions in which they were, as one folk, either all of them publicly or few of them secretly . . . These things will be told in their place.

There you have the theme stated. As for the way it is done, that calls for the highest praise. The book is, indeed, a magnificent achievement: copious, humorous, romantic, tragic, genial, ironical, angry, wise; alive with action in every part, and crammed with the rich stuff of humanity. Above all—for this is what makes it irresistible—it has the quality of gossip. Now the attraction of gossip varies with the warmth of our interest in the people it concerns. If the people have at any time taken our fancy, or excited our curiosity, we can scarcely hear too much about them, our appetite for detail is almost inexhaustible. It is this universal human appetite that is catered for by what Mr. Aldous Huxley has felicitously called the "congenital novelist," the fellow whose chief motive in writing is not to propound a theory, not to present a series of illuminating moments, but simply to create characters that shall possess for us, in the highest possible degree, the appearance of "reality." If a writer can do this, much will be forgiven him; and often there is much to forgive. In *Magnolia Street* Mr. Golding proves himself to be a novelist of this kind, and of this magnitude. He reveals a tremendous creative exuberance. But he is an artist as well as a creator. If he has given us in this book a generous plenty of "human stories," he has also, surprisingly, contrived to bring them all, without violence, within the scope of his scheme. He is not afraid of sentiment, but he never nauseates the reader by wallowing in it, and there is plenty of pepper and salt in his composition. He sees human beings as heroic, greedy, ugly, and pitiful: how else could he see them? And he has purged his style of a certain lushness that disfigured, here and there, his earlier work. The book falls into three parts: 1910, 1916, 1930. The first part is unquestionably the best; for in the later parts, which have the air of being a vast postscript to a tale that is told, the author spends his time hurrying to and fro, diligently picking up dropped threads. Nevertheless, the interest is sustained to the end; and no one who began the book could bear to leave it unfinished.

Eastward Drift is at once a disappointment and a relief. The first chapter seems to promise us a conscientious family chronicle, painstaking and perhaps rather dull, but with due attention to psychological probability and written with intelligence that disdains the stock devices of sentimental romance: in short, an academy piece. This promise is only in part fulfilled, and for the rest we are given a story that is in some respects a modern analogue to the fable of King Lear. Like Shakespeare, Mr. Percy does not bother to make very plausible the division of the kingdom (Daysing and Company, produce brokers) and the retirement into obscurity of his Lear (Samuel Daysing). Charles, Tristram, and Clement are the three sons to whom the greater part of Samuel's fortune is entrusted. Charles is a rogue, Tristram a writer, and Clement an amiable simpleton. The other characters include our old friend the Kind-Hearted Prostitute and a sadly sentimentalised "marsh waif" known as Oogly. Mr. Percy is a competent craftsman, but he has chosen his materials badly.

Miner is a poignant and powerful document. It is art first, and propaganda second. That Mr. Boden is a poet is evident from the quality of his prose: that he is not a very experienced writer is evident from occasional naiveties of manner, and particularly from his habit of openly pitying his characters, thereby

doing some of the reader's work for him. An admirable piece of work for all that, and one that I should like to see in the hands of all who cherish the belief that coal-miners are an overpaid and underworked class, the spoilt children of our indulgent, socialistic civilisation. Anything more like hell can hardly be imagined than the picture of a miner's life given by Mr. Boden, who is himself a miner.

GERALD BULLETT.

STUPOR MUNDI

Frederick the Second, 1194-1250. By ERNST KANTOROWICZ. Translated by E. O. LORIMER. Constable. 27s.

The art of historical biography has reached a critical point in its development. The old ponderous style is dead (if it was ever alive), but the fashionable flippancy which has taken its place is hardly an improvement. The delicate malice of modern literary biographers, who recall nothing so much as cats looking at kings, is apt to throw more light upon themselves than upon their subjects, and the Freudian or catnip school of biography is as tedious as any three-decker. The recipe appears to be an abstract everything that made a man's life significant to himself or to his contemporaries and to serve the residue of personal weaknesses up as a biography, with the aid of a few imaginary conversations and a deathbed meditation in the style of Mr. Lytton Strachey.

The cause of the new biography is the invasion of the historian's field by the *littérateur* and its cure will probably be the recovery of that field by historians who are no longer afraid of being called popular if they produce literature. For the historian, whatever his faults, is not exclusively interested in inessentials, nor is he usually as incapable of projecting himself into the atmosphere of past ages as are the majority of literary biographers, who can breathe only in that of their own. Professor Kantorowicz's study of Frederick II is a model of how historical biography may be written with imagination and an interpretative genius which understands not only the emperor but the age in which he lived. It is based upon a formidable body of research (the bibliography, notes and *pièces justificatives* fill a whole volume in the German edition, though a short summary of sources takes their place here); but the book carries its research lightly and never allows it to detract from the literary presentation of the theme. Professor Kantorowicz can write and has found a translator worthy of him. He is equally at home in swift narrative (such as the account of the "Apulian Boy's" miraculous march to power) and in careful analysis (such as his excellent description of Frederick's Sicilian state). He can at will strike out an admirable epigram ("what Francis of Assisi brought was heresy in canonicals"), or describe a character. Messrs. Constable have chosen well in bringing out this book to inaugurate their new series of "Makers of the Middle Ages."

It would be difficult to find a mediæval character more likely to fascinate modern readers than the brilliant Hohenstaufen, who alone of the great figures of the thirteenth century would have been as much at home in our age as in his own. His mind was undimmed by the stained-glass spectacles through which his contemporaries saw lovely things, but not the blinding light of reality. His great knowledge, his passionate curiosity, his personal magic at once attracted and repelled them. It is no wonder that they called him "Stupor Mundi," the wonder of the world. His manifestos sparkle with new ideas; in the midst of his vast political schemes he found time to conduct scientific experiments, found universities, excavate archæological remains (it was he who brought to light the mausoleum of Galla Placidia at Ravenna), collect strange beasts (a menagerie accompanied him wherever he went and monasteries had to put up camels and lions with the Emperor) and write the best of all hawking treatises, full of exact and perfect observation. He had the scientist's eye for looking at facts and the scientist's independent and unclerical mind. Above all, he was open, as no other man of his age was open, to the wisdom and spirit of the East. From the East he could learn and to it he gave all that gratitude which the Church sought from him in vain. He fertilised Sicily with the East, just as he fertilised Germany with the South.

Yet none of these preoccupations distracted him from his grandiose aim of recreating a Roman Empire based on justice and world peace, that unborn empire of which Dante's treatise was the epitaph. The originality with which he envisaged it (for it is not quite the Holy Roman Empire—Frederick persistently did mediæval things in an unmediæval way, as when he won Jerusalem by treaty) and the extraordinary brilliance with which his policy was planned and carried out, are very well analysed by Professor Kantorowicz. It was inevitable that he should come into conflict with the Papacy, which distrusted his temporal power, his intellectual independence and his Hohenstaufen race, and which sat enthroned in Rome, for ever dividing his northern from his southern dominions. The struggle began as a fight between two men, the emperor and the indomitable greybeard, Gregory IX. But when Frederick (with that cry of "Now I will be the hammer," which so delighted Nietzsche) sought no longer simply to win his place in the sun, but to crowd out the Pope and all he stood for, when he became first "Dominus Mundi," then Antichrist, he over-reached himself and the struggle became a fight between a man and an institution, which could have but one end. He lost and dragged the empire down in ruins after him; but the Papacy was to find it a Pyrrhic victory.

The whole story, as Professor Kantorowicz tells it, is a tragedy of hubris, that Hohenstaufen hubris which like sheet lightning illumines the pages of mediæval history. The legend which set old Barbarossa to sleep in his cave, till Germany should have need of him again, is but one mark of the impression which the doomed house left upon men's minds. Another, more poetic, tells how when Frederick II's son, the young and beautiful Conradin, last of his line, was executed, an eagle swooped to the scaffold, trailed its wing in his blood and sailed away. So all that was left of Stupor Mundi, the blood in his son's veins, was borne on an eagle's pinion into the fathomless depths of the sky. That is hubris indeed.

EILEEN POWER.

THE *DEMI-MONDE* AND THE *MONDE AU DESSOUS*

Underworld: The Biography of Charles Brooks, Criminal. By TREVOR ALLEN. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

The Criminal, the Judge, and the Public. By FRANZ ALEXANDER AND HUGO STAUB. Translated from the German by Gregory Zilboorg. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

In spite of Mr. Allen's preface, and the Foreword by Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, I feel that the former has contributed at least as much as has the putative autobiographer to the substance of "Underworld." It is difficult to believe that Mr. Allen's literary co-operation would be needed by an enterprising and resourceful crook so familiar with the literary and artistic mart as to feel that he "would make a good subject for the pencil of someone like George Belcher"; who is reminded "of things I have read in the novels of Gorky and Dostoievsky"; and is impressed by the charm and cleverness of prostitutes who "discuss intelligently the latest novel of Aldous Huxley, Compton Mackenzie or Michael Arlen, the work of Shaw, Wells, Bennett or Thomas Hardy." Nevertheless, there is no doubt that most of the material is genuine and authentic, even though it may have been synthesised and given consecutiveness by a competent maker of books. Here we see the other side of the lives of the criminal, of the prostitute, and of the other citizens of the social underworld. Although that world is in these pages occasionally refracted through Sino-Burkean eyes, the pictures do not depart too far from reality.

Amateurs in Bohemianism are wont to base their conceptions of the outlaw world on observations of its parasites rather than of its true inhabitants. "The Soho underworld has its hangers-on by the hundred—men who have no taste or aptitude for the crook business but have just drifted there from pure inertia"; but, if we are to believe the writer or writers of this book, it is the fundamental honesty and spirit of rectitude that constitute the genuine psychic attractiveness of that realm.

> Nowhere so much as there do differences of race, colour and class count for so little. There a man is judged at his real worth whatever his nationality, his origin, or his past record. This accounts for the number of political and religious theorists who swarm in Soho . . . because there they feel more secure, and one can find sympathetic listeners.

Nor, it would seem, were W. S. Gilbert's comments on the burglar's domestic life mere Bab Balladry.

> Nine times out of ten, the wives of crooks, and women who live with crooks, are exceptionally happy in their home life, and never seem to regret the choice they have made. There is absolute equality and freedom of talk between them—real comradeship. The bond

is mental as well as physical. Both are outcasts from society at large, and that has the effect of drawing them closer together.

Mr. Brooks was, for some time, a "Case-Keeper" in Soho, and thus had good opportunity of obtaining first-hand impressions of the psychology and character of prostitutes. Naturally, they are of all sorts, but the generality are reported to be

> very generous and friendly in disposition. Many of them had children or aged parents to maintain; those with children were invariably scrupulous in caring for them and sending them to good schools . . . I found little ground for the general belief that prostitution in itself—that is, the purely physical aspect of it—causes a woman to deteriorate . . . Most of those I have known are anything but fallen sisters; rather are they astute women who regard their profession as similar to any other profession. And their profession, contrary to popular belief, does not kill the emotional side of their natures; they feel the need of love and affection as much as any other normal woman.

Needless to say, such being his impressions and conclusions, Mr. Brooks neither regrets his career nor repudiates it.

> I am not a reformed criminal; whether I shall steal again or turn over a new leaf, depends, as it always depended, entirely on circumstances. I realise to-day that I am no different from what I was in the beginning. Personally, I have no use for the stupid idea that criminals can be reformed into angels. Criminals do not thieve because they like thieving, or because it has become a habit. If thieving is a habit, it is strange that it is usually operative only when the thief happens to be in urgent need of money.

Now for the over-world. Dr. Alexander is Professor of Psycho-Analysis at the University of Chicago; and Herr Staub is a Berlin attorney. Between them, they have written an interesting book, and it is well translated. It contains a good deal of the balderdash that seems inseparable from even the sanest exposition of the "New Psychology": "The psycho-analyst knows only too well that certain highly honoured callings, like that of the surgeon, are activated by a set of unconscious sadistic trends"—even though his human helpfulness "permits him to live out his sadism without noticing it"; "Politics and sport are not sufficient outlets for all our sadistic impulses." It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more entertaining example of pseudo-Freudian logic than is afforded by the statement that "no better proof of the general criminality of mankind could be found than the proof which would be brought about by the daring experiment of depriving, say, the Spanish nation of its bull-fights, the Americans of the boxing and football games, old Europe of its soldier game, and the world of its penal code."

But these are relative trifles, and the book is well worth reading if only for its admirable final chapter on the social psychology of punishment. Anyone who is concerned with the contrast between why, in fact, we punish criminals and why and when their punishment is justified and expedient, may be referred to this chapter for enlightenment and guidance.

HARRY ROBERTS.

GLADSTONE AND ECONOMY

Gladstone as Financier and Economist. By FRANCIS HIRST. Benn. 15s.

Mr. Hirst writes at the request of Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone "in order to assist in guiding public opinion towards the goal of general Economy." He traces the history of Gladstone at the Board of Trade and the Treasury. In spite of Mr. Hirst's narrative of the points astutely waged by Peel and Gladstone in the fight for the establishment of Free Trade, the reader is left with a sense of disappointment. Mr. Hirst fails to convey the atmosphere of conflict in which the fiscal changes were carried out. He is too absorbed in the energy and god-like qualities of Mr. Gladstone to pay sufficient attention either to the movement led by Cobden and Bright or to the arguments advanced by those who at that time were demanding the maintenance of duties. Pages of extracts from Gladstone's towering speeches leave the mind in awe-struck bewilderment. What could any of the bother have been about? Who would ever have dared to follow a speech made by Mr. Gladstone?

The twentieth century may jeer at Gladstone's ponderousness, despise his minute care for detail, regard as affected the respects he so elaborately paid to democracy, psycho-analyse the moral sincerity by which this gigantic human organism co-ordinated its energies. Yet it is impossible to come in contact with Gladstone even in the pages of a book without a sense of the thrill he created in his own time. And then to find in Gladstone's old age, in an odd paragraph at the end of the book, Gladstone opposing his own Cabinet on the significant problem of the developing mania for building enormous capital battleships! No wonder that even his Queen had to protect herself from a sense of inferiority in his presence.

Mr. Hirst has two dominating passions, and with both of them even the most admiring young reader may be somewhat monotonously familiar. He adores Mr. Gladstone as if he had been born a member of Mr. Gladstone's family. Stringent economy Mr. Hirst worships with the feeling of an artist absorbed in the interpretation of the whole universe by means of a single artistic medium. These two passions carry the author away in a storm of enthusiasm so that the plan of his book is chopped out of all proportion. But may it not be that there is in Mr. Hirst's main thesis some truth that has been widely neglected? May it not well be that, other things remaining as they are, a Government can carry out a continuous policy of social reform only when at the same time it is careful to convince the most responsible of the electors that one of its main concerns is cherishing a policy of the strictest economy in taxation and administration?

The principles that Mr. Gladstone brought to financial policy were learned in the thrifty tradition of the Scottish business house in Liverpool in which he spent his childhood. They were determined by his own character. The care which he took in relation to the accounts of the State he took in relation to his private accounts. His original contributions to the theory of financial policy are not easy to trace and probably do not exist. He absorbed Peel's attitude towards Free Trade; he came on his own account to the same moral conclusions as Cobden. The essence of Gladstonian finance lay in an ethical creed. He believed that a high general standard of character throughout the State could be achieved only upon a foundation of individual self-reliance. He therefore regarded all taxation as evil. He would have liked to have abolished the income tax. In Gladstone's ideal Liberal State no man would have been called to pay taxes. Every man would be able to choose and to follow his own desires by means of the excellent co-ordination of men and women of high character. How soon after Mr. Gladstone's death this policy was abandoned for one close to the ideals of Socialism is one of the chief historical lessons to which this work points, and we are indebted to Mr. Hirst and Mr. Neville Gladstone for drawing our attention to it. R. G. RANDALL.

WHAT WE WORE

English Costume of the Eighteenth Century. Drawn by IRIS BROOKE. Described by JAMES LAVER. Black. 6s.

Ancient Greek, Roman and Byzantine Costume. By MARY G. HOUSTON. Black. 10s. 6d.

"Brilliants, pulerays, antherines, chiverets, oraguellas, grazetts, footworks and Tammy draughts." What are these lovely and mouth-filling words? Were brilliants and pulerays and antherines the names perhaps of forgotten jewels in the Treasuries of Eastern kings? Were chiverets, oraguellas and grazetts the now extinct companions of the extinct dodo, or the never existing animals of the herald's imagination? Was footworks an out-door game of the Middle Ages and Tammy draughts one that was played by the inn fire? So one wonders, but they are only the list, given by Steele in his plea for the weavers of England, of materials displaced by the importation of Indian calicoes.

How much more attractive were the names of these materials than the things done to them, made of them, can be seen in Miss Iris Brooke's drawings of eighteenth-century costume. To turn from the hoops, the frillings, rufflings and general teasing of the materials for women's clothes shown in her pages to Miss Houston's drawings of Ancient Greek, Roman and Byzantine costumes is to learn again the lesson, more usually taught by sculpture or architecture, that respect of the character of the material and a realisation of what use is suitable to it are two of the secrets of beauty and dignity in art, be the material marble or Tammy draughts, the work of art a building or a gown. The Doric and Ionic *chiton* used the material as it came from the loom in a natural and economical way without cutting the web, and they have the perfect grace of natural beauty. The elaborate drapings of the

Roman Toga had the dignity which belongs to a right use of long segments of material. The enormous elaboration and richness of Byzantine costume achieved perhaps the greatest beauty and dignity attained by man in his dress, because the elaboration was where it should be, in the ornament; the outlines and cut of the garments had still the dignity of simplicity. The Byzantine *tunic*, *dalmatic*, and *paludamentum*, stiff with jewels and embroidery, have an air of enduring beauty that is their excuse for the time, effort, and expense lavished on them. They do not make us wonder and remember, as do the hoops and ruffles of the eighteenth century,

> Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Indeed the contemplation of eighteenth-century fashion, with its hoops in a period of narrow streets, its long, full skirts in a time of filthy roads, its absence, in a cold climate, of any underwear save a smock, while petticoat and skirt were held from the body by hoops, is enough to make one despair of the common sense of the human race. England has not often set the style for France, and French good sense was apparently in abeyance when, having seen two English ladies, in 1718, walking in the gardens of the Tuileries wearing hoop petticoats, the new style was adopted in Paris. Nor need we too confidently rejoice in the comfort and common sense of modern costumes for women—dresses may now be loose and slip easily over the quickly combed short hair—but hoops came in again in 1850, when people were beginning to travel in the tiny coaches of the first railways; they may yet add to the crush of the rush hours on the Underground. And tight lacing, Mr. Laver warns us, "is never very far away when the waist line is normal. The only way to be certain of abolishing the corset is to push the waistline to just below the breasts, as was done during the first decade of the nineteenth century, or to lower it to the hips, as was the fashion in 1928." We must hope that our modern taste for sport will save us from this unwholesome style.

Mr. Laver's notes to Miss Brooke's drawings tell us of some odd and entertaining things. It is strange to think that, in this rainy climate, no umbrella was carried before 1756; and that at a time when the Restoration dramatists seemed to have but one joke about married men, that they have been, are or are about to be made cuckholds, men should have worn enormous wigs with a horn of hair above each temple.

How oddly different would be the budget for clothes of a modern girl from that of the daughters of George II! They were allowed but twelve pairs of thread stockings and two dozen cambric handkerchiefs in two years, but a pair of new shoes, costing six shillings, were provided every week, and in a year they were allowed sixteen dozen pairs of gloves. A modern girl would nearly reverse these numbers; she might well manage with a dozen pairs of "wear-clean" gloves in two years, even if she lost several pairs, while her thin silk stockings might mount to several dozen, though hardly to sixteen.

It is always amusing to think of the shocks that we could give our ancestors or of those that posterity has in store for us. (How horrible was Max Beerbohm's picture in *Enoch Soames* of the jaeger-clad world of the future!) And what would the preachers of 1737, who considered that the inch or two of white stockings (which then came into fashion) that could be seen as a lady danced or entered a coach were the equivalent of nudity, have said could they have seen the young ladies of a year or two ago mounting to the tops of buses in knee-length skirts and flesh-coloured stockings?

Miss Brooke's drawings are neat and pretty, but her technique is monotonous. As it is the plan of the book to have a page with several illustrations opposite each page of text, one should always be able to see a drawing of each style mentioned in the text. It is a fault in the book that this is not always so.

Miss Houston's book is a model of its kind. Its descriptions are particular and the drawings from antique sources are admirably clear. There are practicable plans, patterns and measurements of most of the garments referred to in the text (including the elaborate drapings of the various sorts of Roman Toga) and there are enlargements in colour of the woven and embroidered ornaments. It should be invaluable to producers of plays.

Miss Houston makes the interesting suggestion that the curiously sophisticated, tightly fitting dresses of the Cretan women of 1500 B.C. were based on earlier costumes of leather, which would have been moulded to the figure, whereas the earliest woven garments were draped.

HINTS TO HISTORIANS

War and Peace in Europe 1815-1870. By E. L. WOODWARD. Constable. 18s.

Professor Housman goes on editing Latin texts *in usum editorum*, a phrase which other professors of Latin profess to be unable to understand; Mr. Woodward has written these essays *in usum historicorum*, no doubt in the hope that professors of history will be more amenable than those of Latin. They were certainly needed, for there is a sad absence of method in the writing of modern history, as witness the painful reproduction of errors in book after book, the equally painful repetition of bald narrative, and the sad evidence of the abandonment of the historian's primary duty, research. The best of Mr. Woodward's essays is the second, in which he lays down the method for the preliminary work needed before the writing of modern history begins. It is based on the careful classification of authorities and the formulation of those questions whose answers the historian must glean from them and incorporate in his narrative. One would gather that Mr. Woodward favours the monograph. At least that is what this essay and its companion on French memoir literature would suggest, for if the method laid down be carefully followed, a scholar's lifetime would not produce more than a monograph or two, though one may gladly admit that, if done as Mr. Woodward recommends, they would never need to be done again. But although such fundamental research work is clearly his preference, he does not disdain the synthesis, and in his first essay, which will be the most popular, he summarises the history of the years between Waterloo and Sedan as it ought to be written. The lesson is that there is nothing too small to be ignored. The revolution of 1830 has been often described; not many books note that the Swiss Guard was disbanded. Most histories record the discovery of gold in California; a few discuss the revolutionary effects of the discovery. But not many have bridged the gap that the discovery was due to an ex-Swiss Guard who had been compelled to emigrate. That is a sample of Mr. Woodward's method and the rigour with which he insists research must be conducted. The whole essay, with

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its emphasis on the things that other historians omit—the effect on political events, for instance, of the speculation in railway construction or the remoter results of the doctrine of governmental non-intervention with trade—is extremely interesting. It is also extremely valuable. By their peers the unfortunate students who persist in writing modern history are regarded with an ill-concealed contempt. It is only fair to say that most of them deserve it, but, if they are willing to listen to Mr. Woodward and undergo his discipline, the sinner may yet be received into the fold.

THE FAR EAST

Undiplomatic Memories. The Far East 1896-1904. By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS. Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

A Passport to China. By LUCY SOOTHILL. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

The title *Undiplomatic Memories* is at the outset not particularly encouraging. It suggests long pages of aimless chit-chat, shrivelled anecdotes, "pen-pictures" and the rest. Unfortunately, the first chapter of the book, describing Japan in 1896, lends colour to the gloomiest prognostications. It is uninformative, diffuse and badly written; for Mr. Sands' prose is only tolerable when a real subject gives it fluency and poise. His story does not begin to command attention until the period of apprenticeship is left behind.

But then, he was in the middle of his career much sooner than happens to most diplomatists. His youth was full of adventures and responsibilities. At the age of twenty-five, in 1899, he was appointed Adviser to the Emperor of Korea, having previously learned something of the country during two years' work at the American legation. Till the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, he struggled hard with a self-imposed task—a task as gallant as it ultimately proved futile; since what he aimed at was no less than to hold the balances between Russian and Japanese intrigue.

Both Empires were gazing greedily at Korea; and Korea itself in the last stages of dissolution, paralysed by Court squabbles and general apathy, was in no state to withstand a foreign aggressor. Mr. Sands, in his place at Court, played for time. He made desperate and unavailing efforts to put some order into Korean domestic affairs. The Emperor, a charming but helpless person, quite unequal to an eminence he had no taste for, terrified by the storms which raged around him—the Empress, an ambitious woman, had been assassinated and once already he had been driven from his palace—cowered meekly beneath every storm that blew. Such storms, in always increasing frequency, it was the business of Japan to stir up. Wherever there was trouble, there was a Japanese, and Japanese agents were widely scattered. Mr. Sands' account of their machinations is one of the most illuminating features of his book. It is a tortuous, unsavoury record, displaying all the worst characteristics of the race. Inevitably annexation followed: and then the rush of Japanese carpet-baggers could begin.

Mr. Sands' memoirs, though in parts gossipy and facetious, do justice to an exceptionally interesting subject. The author enjoyed his work and liked the people. He discovered in the landscape of Korea—traditionally the Land of Morning Calm—a strange beauty which he manages to infuse into his narrative:

> Those early-morning rides were delicious. . . . In the half darkness wild geese waddled about the field edges, almost under the horses' feet; pheasants sat like chickens where the first sun rays would strike the valley; deer would watch from the roadside quite unafraid. One morning in a shallow valley, a thin mist over the fields and the sun just up above the hills, a flight of sacred ibis rose, all pink in the dawn. Dividing, one half rose in a circle high in the clear air, spread and then fell rapidly, while the others rose in a perfect ring through the wider circle of the first . . . to spread and drop in their turn . . . all in a babble of calls and talking. Along the side of the trail ran a little stream reddening everything it touched. . . . And far off on a hillside ran a great wall with gate towers in which my people said there was nothing but a poor village and a few fields where once a royal town had been.

Here the freshness of a thirty-year-old experience rises superior to trifling difficulties of style. *A Passport to China*, written by a lady now dead, the mother of Lady Hosie, who contributes a preface and has herself written several books on China, is the copious and easily flowing chronicle of a lifetime spent in Far Eastern missionary work. She, too, among dangers and discomforts, seems to have enjoyed the losing battle in which she was engaged. Excellent photographs illustrate her book; but it is a pity that the price should be so high.

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

SHORTER NOTICES

Shepherd's Calendar. By IAN MACPHERSON. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Shepherd's Calendar might very well be stigmatised as a gloomy book, but it is so obviously the fruit of clear, hard thinking, of honesty and imagination, that the gloom is dignified into the qualities of freshness and strength. Mr. Macpherson has set his scene on a sheep farm in the Grampians, and has set it so well that by the end of the book he has made us as familiar with the life of the community and the life of the farm as though they were our own. It is an achievement at least comparable with Hardy's picture of the sheep farm in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. But Mr. Macpherson cannot yet give life to his characters as abundantly as Hardy gave it. John Grant, the boy growing into manhood, who is the central figure, his father, his mother, his uncle Sandy, all bear the stamp of life, but it would seem that this is in spite of Mr. Macpherson's conscious portrayal of them, rather than because of it. They are presented without sympathy or compromise or pity. Mr. Macpherson has many protests to make, and he makes them with a degree of zeal and fierceness which is perhaps only possible in a first novel.

Towards National Health. By J. ANTHONY DELMEGE. Heinemann. 21s.

This is a very interesting short history of public health (using the term in its broadest sense) in Britain from Roman days down to the Act of 1875. Dr. Delmege brings to the exposition of his subject not only the expert knowledge of a doctor, but also a wide range of interests, and considerable skill in organising and writing a book. He has a clear and easy style and he understands the art of compressing a large theme in a small space without losing any essential feature. The publishers have helped him by giving the book a most attractive appearance. There are nearly a hundred excellent illustrations, beginning with the Minoan water pipes and ending with pictures of Florence Nightingale's nurses and the great Victorian reformer, John Simon. His readers will be grateful, also, for the portraits of the remarkable pioneers of the early nineteenth century, Percival, and Ferriar of Manchester, and Currie of Liverpool, who used their knowledge and authority as doctors for pushing social reforms with such effect. Dr. Delmege, by the way, is perhaps a little too trustful of

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the statistics of that time. Dr. Delmege succeeds in keeping public health in its true perspective in the general life of different ages. His readers will be struck by the strange discrepancies between man's success in mastering the secrets of physical nature and his success in creating the conditions of comfortable social life. In the nineteenth century, man knew much more about nature than the Roman of the days of Augustus, and he had command of vastly better implements and machines; yet in many important respects his towns were less comfortable for their inhabitants in 1830 than they had been eighteen centuries earlier. This book should find a place in all public libraries, for it ought to help the improvement of town government by stimulating the imagination of the citizen as well as by providing him with valuable knowledge.

A Naturalist in Brazil. By KONRAD GUENTHER. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Dr. Guenther has brought to this study of Brazil, its people and its scenery and all its multitudinous life of plant and animal, not only the knowledge of the naturalist but also the feeling of the artist and a reverence for nature that is rather that of a poet than that of a scientist. The result is a quite exceptional book which, valuable as it will be to the student, is in its way a work of art. Something of the spirit of Darwin and Fabre directs its record of facts observed, and this record is illumined by a Wordsworthian insight, and, as touching the love of animals, a feeling of fellowship not unworthy of St. Francis. Yet Dr. Guenther is a pestologist engaged to wage war on the planter's insect enemies, and this beautiful book is the result of a professional engagement in Pernambuco. But it is not as the pestologist we meet him here, but as a lover of nature with a gift for vivid description. The book is fully illustrated with photographs and sketches.

La Salle. By L. V. JACKS. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Jacks retells the story of Rene Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, from the day of his christening in 1643 to the day when he was treacherously murdered in the wilderness by his followers, so that his dream of a French Dominion that should straddle North America from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico came to an end. It is a great story of vision and courage and adventure, and it may be that for popular reading the picturesque elaboration Dr. Jacks has given it is more or less justifiable. Unfortunately when the method of the novelist is used by the historian or biographer it is not always easy to distinguish between fiction and history. On the other hand, many of Dr. Jacks' descriptions of scenery and conditions of men and manners are vivid and convincing, and we always see La Salle against his background, whether that of Canada under Frontenac, his friend, and La Barre, his enemy, the Court of Louis XIV, the shores of the Illinois and Mississippi down to the Gulf, or the wild spaces of Texas, the extent of which was unknown to the explorer, who thought that the mouth of the great river was but a few miles from the Mexican frontier.

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Balances due to Affiliated Companies 2,793,400		361,952,395
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Engagements		10,073,925
ASSETS		
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Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks		15,205,876
Money at Call & Short Notice		16,129,800
Investments at or under Market Value		42,190,262
Bills Discounted		57,132,250
Advances to Customers & other Accounts		197,637,464
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Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Call Loan		1,800,000
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About Motoring
FOR THE ELDERLY NOVICE

SOME years ago I was often confronted with a job which always alarmed me. A retired man or woman, well on in years, completely devoid of motoring experience, and seldom possessing the road sense which a few thousand miles of cycling bestow, would approach me in search of advice about a first car. There are exceptions to every rule, but my experience is that such people never master the handling of a standard gear box. There have been two cars on the market for years which have a foolproof gear change, namely, the T model Ford and the old type of Trojan. But neither was ideal for a sexagenarian or septuagenarian novice. The T model Ford required real strength to start its engine, when it was in a capricious mood; and the Trojan, being a two-stroke, is rather sensitive about its mixture, even if its long side-handle was better adapted to an old man or woman than the tiny "coffee-grinder" handle of the old Ford. On the whole I had either to discourage the elderly aspirant, or suggest a Trojan; and to do these elderly novices justice, some of them soon settled down to handle a Trojan really well.

To-day such a request rouses no forebodings in my mind. I always recommend the 12 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley with the Wilson self-changing gear. It satisfies all the requirements quite beautifully. First and foremost, it possesses a miniature six-cylinder engine, which purrs along in the smoothest and daintiest fashion. Secondly, it has quite good suspension, and will not jar ancient and creaky joints except over the roughest roads. Old bones hate such mild bumps and bounces as younger anatomies will ignore, so that this item is of real importance on any long ride. Thirdly, it starts regularly and easily at a touch of the electric starter, because its engine is tiny, and having six cylinders is of a type which automatically starts better than any four. Fourthly, it has a gear change which is even more foolproof than the epicyclic gears of the old Fords and Trojans. As most people know, the Wilson gear is of the "preselector" type, which demands no skill from the operator. The driver merely moves a small trigger on the hub of the steering wheel to a notch labelled low, medium, normal or high. Nothing happens when he shifts this trigger; but when he next taps his clutch pedal in and out, the preselected gear automatically engages itself without sound or jar. I have played the happy passenger whilst an elderly woman novice took one of these cars up Devonshire acclivities which would make me mind my step with a standard gear box, and she handled the gears perfectly.

The car is obtainable with more than one type of coachwork, but oldish drivers should always buy a saloon body. If they are enthusiastic for fresh air, they can specify a sliding roof, though personally I have no great fancy for these modern additions. The 12 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley has a fairly capacious body, considering that it is quite a small car. The four doors are each 28in. wide. The top of the rear seats is 11in. from the floor, and the rear cockpit measures just over one yard from the back squab to the back of the front bench. The front seats are adjustable.

The price of the car may seem somewhat high for its size and specification, as it leaves no change out of £300. But it must be understood that the little vehicle is a quality job. The atmosphere of the works is by no means that of Detroit. It approximates much more closely to that of the old coachbuilding establishments in Long Acre, as Long Acre used to be, when my lord in a top hat ordered a brougham three months before he expected delivery, and looked in every now and then to see how the job was progressing. Armstrong-Siddeley still build cars to last. Their engineering conscience has been acquired in aircraft work, where one flawed bolt or one loose nut is a crime, and may produce a tragedy. This little car will not be worn out after three years of hard work; it should not even develop any appreciable noisiness in that period.

At the same time, it is not everybody's car. For example, its maximum speed, run in and flat out, is not more than 52 m.p.h. This is good enough for grandpapa—indeed, it is much

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faster than that sporting old gentleman ought ever to travel when he takes the wheel in his own hands. It is good enough for a great many women who are not yet grandmothers. But naturally it is hardly fast enough to please the young or satisfy the middle-aged. Again, the fuel consumption is perhaps a little on the high side for so small a car. In a recent R.A.C. test the 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley registered nearly 38 miles per gallon. I have never had better than 25 miles per gallon from an Armstrong-Siddeley 12 h.p. The Cowley probably averages well under 38 m.p.g. in ordinary hands, year in and year out. Nevertheless, 25 m.p.g. is too high.

Even with a motor car which might have been deliberately designed to suit grandparents, it is something of a gamble for men and women of sixty years or over to take the plunge, and adventure themselves and their friends on our congested roads. I know quite a number of them who have made the experiment and regretted it, just as I know others behind whom I would sit with never a qualm, even in Piccadilly, or in those mad crowds which stream out to Montlhéry from Paris or to Monza from Milan on a summer Sunday morning. I think two provisos are relevant. The novices of sixty or over should take driving lessons before making the great decision. In the course of their lessons common sense will probably tell them whether they are too old to acquire road sense, or not. It is not merely a question of safety. Some elderly people, who would inflict no risks on other road users, will find the driver's task so exhausting that they would be well advised to motor only as passengers. Secondly, old people ought not to drive after dark. Thanks to the modern passion for black roads, the dazzling effect of street lighting and other people's lamps, and the camouflage effect of dark objects viewed against a black road, night-driving demands really keen eyesight.

It is a wise precaution for an elderly novice to cover at least a thousand miles in some part of England where the roads are fairly easy, and the traffic is not too heavy. Later on, when experience has bred confidence, he can try the roads in London and the home counties, where driving is a far more difficult proposition.

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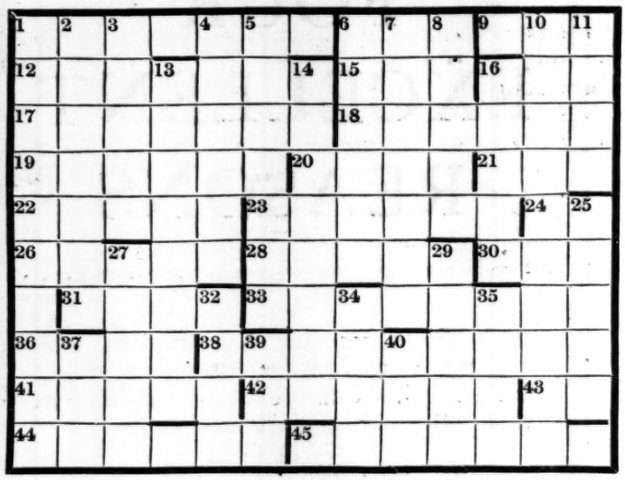

ELEMENTARY

ACROSS.

1. Punishment in 3 *dn.*
6. Prefix suggestive of union.
9, 16 *ac.* One's pupils might.
12. Prerequisite of judgment.
15. Trinculo's beginnings.
16. See 9 *ac.*
17. Alleged object of preference.
18. Confusion on "a blasted heath."
19. You can see his statue at Westminster.
20. See 37 *dn.*
21. I was *not* behind the arras.
22. The May Queen was an early one.
23. I cannot change my spots.
24, 43. Mix-up in "Sinister Street."
26. You should get me with your deserts.
28 *rev.* Acid without its carbon element.
30. With the Muses I should look pretty foolish.
31. I frequently suffer from cataract.
33. You can get me without my sort of intelligence.
36. Ex—mouth.
38. Excites the derision of Eros.
41 *rev.* Merry widow-er.
42. Pretty fishy at the rink.
43. See 24 *ac.*
44. Not actually worn in the House of Lords.
45. but this is what they wou'd look—if they were.

DOWN.

1. Sweet oblivion.
2. Aerial.
3. My "Monsieur" has an unattractive job.
4. We guard Masonic secrets.
5. Tap me as you pass.
6. My scene was a theatrical success.
7 *rev.* The Christopher Robin books have been so described.
8. Associated with the late Lord Morley.
10 *rev.* You won't get me unless you get on.
11. Listen.
13. Daybreak at Hounslow.
14. A trivial affair.
16. Next to my heart.
25. One per saint.
27 *rev.* Opera in exotic setting.
29. The answer—is upside down.
32. She who must be obeyed at Nice.
34 *rev.* Quantity of fish.
35. Familiar decree.
37, 20 *ac.* That of the lilies of the field has been much admired.
39. Headless idol.
40. Tessa's hero sang of a silver one.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS—1. expecto(ration). 7. consec(ration). 13. minx. 14. aim. 16. Odeum. 17. feet. 18. lat. *rev.* 19. denig(ration). 21. gauche. 24. hod. 26. drag. 28. P.R. 29. moonshine. 32. ae(ration). 33. rate *rev.* 34. dashpot. 37. Sn. 38. tor. 41. desec(ration). 42. despe(ration). 44. rarebit. 47. immig(ration). 50. penet(ration). 51. ailero(n) *rev.* 52. du(ration). 53. respi(ration) *rev.* 54. st(ud). 55. filt(ration). 56. gy(ration).

DOWN.—1. emig(ration). 2. fix *rev.* 3. pneuma. 4. exec(ration). 5. cathode. 6. tit(ration). 7. colo(ration). 8. odd. 9. need. 10. us *rev.* 11. aimé *rev.* 12. cog. 15. sham *rev.* 20. stern *rev.* 22. art. 23. sane *rev.* 25. dip. 27. gene(ration). 28. perspi(ration) 30. or. 31. no. 32. aspi(ration). 35. tries *rev.* 36. fetch *rev.* 39. pero(ration) *rev.* 40. tans. 41. dree. 42. dili(gent). 43. lime *rev.* 45. etr (tre). 46 sob *rev.* 49. Guy (Fawkes). 52. d(o)g.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

The Professor had a number of balls—black ones, red ones, and white ones. He put a certain number in a bag, and the class then drew five out at random. All five were red: "That that would happen," said the Professor, "was exactly an even money chance."

How many balls in all had he put in the bag?

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Popoff was killed by Hopkins.

From the data given, it can be ascertained that Alehouse is just on 30 miles from Clew.

Hopkins cycled into Clew; thence he and his bicycle were driven into Badminster in Watt's car. Here Hopkins awaited the train.

Watt returned immediately to Drayton and left the car there. He then cycled back to Clew in time to meet the train. Here Hopkins got out, and cycled home, while Watt got in and returned to Clew by car from Drayton.

The energy which has been put into solving this problem is terrific. I have received five correct solutions; and some others which make rather dubious assumptions.

CALIBAN.

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GLOBE. AND SO TO BED. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. BOW BELLS. Daily.

PHŒNIX. COUNSEL'S OPINION. Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S THE FARMER'S WIFE. W., S.

ST. MARTIN'S Tues. & Fri.
THE NELSON TOUCH.

STRAND. IT'S A GIRL. Thurs. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. THE ANATOMIST. Wed., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sats.
THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY.

THEATRES

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NEXT WEEK!
DISARMAMENT SUPPLEMENT
THE NEW STATESMAN
AND NATION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR.

INFLATION OR ANTI-DEFLATION—FRENCH DEPOSITS LEAVING NEW YORK?—THE POSITION OF THE POUND—INVESTMENT TRUSTS

IF you wish to offend an American banker, you should congratulate him on his country's good sense in adopting inflation as the means of economic salvation. He will be at pains to make you understand that there is a world of difference between inflation and anti-deflation. He will quote the speech of Mr. George L. Harrison, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, who told an assembled company of bankers at Washington last week, that "the deflation of credit had gone far enough and must end." The Federal Reserve Banks, according to Mr. Harrison, would be justified on the basis of their present gold holdings in extending credit to member banks to the amount of $3,500,000,000, which would permit of an expansion of member bank credit of $35,000,000,000. I have not the slightest doubt that this is not orthodox banking practice. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York ushered in its new policy of "anti-deflation" by lowering its buying rate for bills and the next step, I imagine, will be to reduce its rediscount rate from the present level of 3½ per cent. Obviously, credit inflation in America is being started up and seeing that there are always plenty of willing borrowers in that country for purposes of Stock Exchange speculation, if not for those of trade, there is a fair chance that the movement will gather weight and momentum. Let us hope that commodity prices will soon begin to feel the stimulus as well as security prices. President Hoover's $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which has now been passed by the House of Representatives with certain amendments, not yet acceptable to the Senate, is officially designed to provide the channels through which this expansion of credit may flow: but a "controlled inflation" is not so easy to manage in practice as it is to postulate in theory. If the millions of dollars of hoarded money are brought back into circulation, how is the sudden rise in prices which will follow to be controlled?

* * *

A possible result of the new "easy money" policy of the Federal Reserve banks will be a French flight from the dollar. It was understood that the Franco-American monetary pact which attended M. Laval's recent visit to Washington included an understanding that there would be no inflation in America. The Bank of France had originally asked for a rise in deposit rates as the price for non-withdrawal of the French dollar balances. This polite form of blackmail had been ignored. Later, when President Hoover undertook to leave the initiative in the matter of German reparations to M. Laval, the French deposits were allowed to remain, but it was understood that there would at any rate be no lowering of interest rates. So the new easy money policy leaves the Bank of France free to withdraw its dollar deposits if it likes. In Paris the $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation is regarded as rank inflation and the deficit of over $2,000,000,000 on the American budget as the beginning of the deterioration of the dollar. In terms of francs the dollar is already weakening. As I write the spot rate in Paris is at gold import point and the three months forward rate at 20 centimes under gold import point. This suggests that the repatriation of French official funds from New York has already begun. The Federal Reserve authorities are showing no signs of alarm. In fact they seem not unwilling to consign these French balances back to Paris—or worse. They are not sharing the French view that America will not be able to maintain the gold standard. But it seems clear to the unbiased British spectator that if America embarks whole-heartedly upon an inflationary policy while France holds doggedly to deflation, the gold will flow like water, and New York will soon be asking London to summon a conference to discuss a new gold standard.

* * *

The "Buy British" campaign has been so successful that the Empire Marketing Board may be tempted to plaster the gold-standard countries with posters exhorting the craven capitalist to "buy sterling." Recently there has been some helpful foreign speculation in sterling, but the Bank of France usually takes advantage of any temporary improvement in the sterling exchange by withdrawing some of its sterling balances. It is difficult to see how the pound can make any substantial recovery for some time. It is not so much the individual British trading account as the trading account of the "sterling group" with the gold-standard group of countries which affects the exchange value of sterling. The correction of the British trade balance is a slow process. Last year the invisible items in our international account—shipping and insurance earnings, interest and dividends from overseas—could hardly have reduced our adverse balance from the visible trade items to less than £100,000,000. The "invisibles" are still falling while the "visibles" are improving very slowly. We must be still over a £1,000,000 a week on the wrong side. This deficit on our current international account has to be met by drawing upon our own capital or that of foreigners, but if the exchange value of the pound rises too rapidly, this capital flow is automatically checked. The British capitalist will not repatriate his money, or the foreigner go "long" of sterling, unless the exchange profit, actual or prospective, is handsome. So the pound falls back upon its "purchasing power parity"—a theory which should give it a much higher figure than $3.44 but one which fails to work out in practice when foreign countries are doing their best to avoid buying from anybody. Indeed, if it had not been for the discovery of a new gold-field in India—in the shape of hoarded coins and gold ornaments—the pound would lately have looked very sick. Mr. Joseph Kitchin estimates India's gold holdings at £500,000,000 to £600,000,000. In the last quarter of 1931, £25,000,000 of gold was shipped from India to England, the sale of which involved a purchase of sterling and a decline in the foreign balances in London of the purchaser (mainly France) of the gold. All this has nothing to do with our trade balance, but is of great importance in relation to the sterling exchange. If the Congress party in India succeeds in preventing the further outflow of gold from India a new and deadly form of economic war will have been invented by a revolutionary party.

* * *

Two letters which appeared in the *Times* last week raised an interesting point for the holder of investment trust company ordinary stocks. One correspondent was distressed because the chairman of a company, which showed a depreciation in the value of its investments of over 42 per cent., made the amazing remark that: "Had times been normal, the directors would not, in view of the falling-off in revenue, have paid so large a dividend, but when incomes are being reduced in all directions, the best interests of the shareholders are served by as large a dividend as the company's earnings will justify." This seemed to him a dangerous, if Keynesian, point of view, seeing that nearly half the capital had been lost. The other correspondent, Mr. George Glasgow, pointed out that there was good precedent for an investment trust company paying dividends, although the break-up value of its ordinary stock, on a hypothetical winding-up, might be nil. This is quite true. An investment trust, by reinvesting undistributed revenue profits as well as capital profits realised in previous years, will have a portfolio of investments greater in book value than its issued loan and share capital. If these investments suffer abnormal depreciation in market value as at the present time, the break-up value of the ordinary stock (after paying off the loan and preferred capital) may well be a minus quantity. Yet the revenue of the company although falling, may be sufficient to cover both the interest on the prior charges and a dividend on the ordinary stock. Hence the ordinary stock of an investment trust company has a market value of its own as an earner of dividends. The following table, showing the amount of loan and preference capital, the market value of investments, and the amount of the ordinary capital, for a number of companies whose reports have been published in recent months, will illustrate this point:

		In thousands £'s.						
	Year ending.	Loan Cap. (plus int. accrued) & Pref. Capital.	Present Value of Investments.	Ord. Cap.	% of Ord. Cap. covered.	Market Price of Ord. Stk. or Shs.	Divs.	Yield. %
Great Northern	30.11.31	£2,551	£2,299	£600	nil	150	6%	4.0
Trans-oceanic ..	31.10.31	945	877	400	nil	64	3½%	5.47
Southern Stock-holders ..	15.9.31	271	735	1,000	46.5	13/9	4%	5.81
New York & General ..	3.1.32	990	795	240	nil	77	4%	5.19

If we may judge by the extent of the market depreciation in investments (ranging up to 42·7 per cent.), the expert managements of these investment-trust companies do not appear to be any more successful than the ordinary individual who dabbles on the Stock Exchange.

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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1931.

LIABILITIES.	£	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	325,850,461	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	9,714,683	
		335,565,144
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers		10,796,794
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,250,000

ASSETS.	
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England	47,271,696
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	9,638,649
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,766,450
Bills Discounted	40,791,394
Investments at or below market price	56,564,015
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off) :—	
The British Linen Bank—£1,238,119 Stock	3,714,357
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid	750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France), Limited)	2,229,588
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	172,197,631
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.	10,796,794
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)	6,749,581

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